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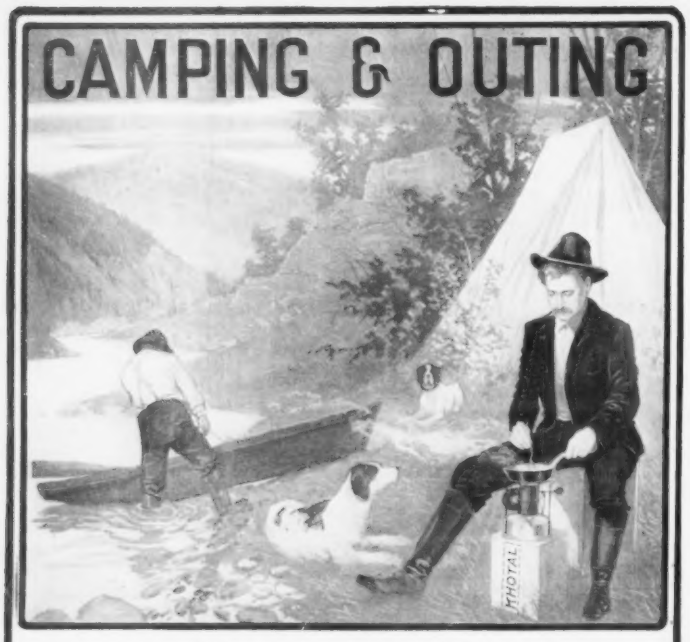
DRAWN BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

"THE GREAT RUSSIAN WOLF—A SAVAGE FELLOW AND A MURDERER"

(SEE PAGE 6)

CAMPING & OUTING



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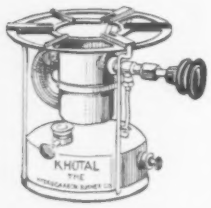

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The Astors and our wealthiest families have made their money from the increase in value of real estate. You can prove this point if you will take the pains to look it up. New York City property has increased in value more than that of any other place because of its enormous growth in population, and this growth of values and population is still going on. Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, the increased facilities of rapid transit by bridge, trolley and elevated, the immense tide of increased population has turned Brooklynward. The attention of the public has been called to the great advantages of Brooklyn because it is only in that section that New York can grow—please note that point, as it is the keynote to the situation. The influx of people into Brooklyn is so great as to severely tax Brooklyn Bridge—as a result new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but property in old New York City, the same distance from City Hall, would cost 20 to 100 times the money—note that point carefully, it is absolutely true.

Listen to Our Story. It is our business to study conditions existing or possible in the various cities of the United States, and we have aided in the development of 25 different cities. After 12 years' careful study in New York without purchasing, in 1898 we saw the trend of affairs, and before the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn we bought over 1,100 acres of the choicest land in Brooklyn, and which is now in the heart of that Borough. This land is only 3 1-2 miles from Brooklyn Bridge and is only 35 minutes from New York City Hall. We have over $2,000,000 invested in this land, and are making it one of the most beautiful spots of New York. The growth of the city, together with our improvements, have increased the value of the property over 25 per cent. since a year ago, and we feel so sure that the increase will be at least the same, that we think there is no risk in guaranteeing it.

Listen to Our Proposition. Our property is improved in exact accordance with City Specifications. Streets 60, 80, and 100 feet wide, built to City grade, bordered on each side by 5 feet granolithic cementine sidewalks, flower beds and shrubbery, city water, gas, etc., all at our expense. For $10 down and $1.50 per week or $6.00 per month we sell you a regular New York City lot, subject to the following guarantees from us:

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If you should get out of employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land.

Titles are guaranteed to us by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co. of New York.

Our guarantee of 25 per cent. increase in one year in the value of lots is a simple one and should not be misunderstood or misconstrued. It means that the regular prices publicly marked on our property (every unsold lot being plainly tagged and priced), and at which our large corps of salesmen will be then selling these lots, will be 25 per cent. in excess of the prices at which we now offer them.

It *does not mean* that we can or will assume the responsibility of selling customers' lots except incidental to our business of development, or that we will take them off their hands; this obviously would be impossible in the great work of development we are undertaking. This is intended as a straight business agreement of an honest increase in value and that only.

N. B.—Our non-forfeiture agreement prevents the loss of your lot from misfortune.

Note Our References. The Commercial Agencies, 20 National Banks, and 30,000 customers all over the United States, and especially the one at the bottom of this page; this is only one of a thousand.

You will note three distinct points of advantage in this proposition. First—it is a Life Insurance for your family. Second—it enables you to pay in small sums as you would in your savings bank, and cannot cramp you; and, Third—it enables you to participate in the great growth of values in New York real estate which are due to natural conditions; and, furthermore, the three advantages are absolutely without risk.

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There is an abundance of other bright and entertaining stories, poems and witticisms. If you have not yet become familiar with **THE SMART SET** buy the May number to-day.

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The WEEK

IN THE WHITE HOUSE THEY HAVE FOR THE LAST few days forgotten the cares of state, and the President and Mrs. McKinley have been looking forward with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation to the long journey which, commencing on next Monday, will last for seven weeks. Twice before President McKinley has visited San Francisco, but the circumstances were very different then to what they are now. Then he was not the President; and although the last time he was on the Pacific Coast he went there as one of the Republican spellbinders and his eloquence drew great audiences—for Mr. McKinley has always been a popular speaker—he was only one among many and not, as he is today, the nation's Executive. To the people of the Far West, who have never before seen a President, and to whom, after all, the government at Washington must be somewhat nebulous because they are so far removed from it, the visit of the President and his Cabinet will be an event long to be remembered. It is a good thing for the people to be brought in touch with the men who administer the laws; it is equally beneficial for the President and his Cabinet to occasionally escape from the official atmosphere of Washington and in different surroundings obtain another point of view. We think it might be advantageous for Congress to require every President at least once during his four years of office to visit every State in the Union. Possibly it might be well for Congress itself to do the same thing, occasionally.

LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY

A CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS TRANSACTION BETWEEN an eminent thief, an equally eminent detective and a still more eminent picture dealer has revived interest in the career of that lovely duchess who in her anxiety to see her husband elected to Parliament offered kisses in exchange for votes; and what man would hesitate about sacrificing his party when the price of his treachery was a kiss from the most beautiful woman of her day? In America there have been women who took an active share in their husband's political campaigns; nevertheless it has remained for Chicago, always to be relied upon to produce the latest sensation, to make a mother the centre of a political campaign, all her efforts directed toward securing the election of her son to the Board of Aldermen. Mrs. Potter Palmer, who is equally happy whether entertaining royalty or ward politicians, and whose genius for organizing has been shown on more than one occasion, managed her son Honoré's aldermanic campaign with marked ability, and after he was elected she tendered a reception to his precinct captains and workers. The reception took place in her magnificent residence on the Lake Shore, where a few years before she had received Spanish royalty visiting the World's Columbian Exposition. Mrs. Palmer possesses the great gift of remembering names and faces: she was able to call every politician by his name, and each man went away more convinced than ever that he had done the right thing in helping to bring about the election of the son of the beautiful Mrs. Potter Palmer. What though, after it was all over, some electors had vague qualms anent hypnotic influence! Remember, gentlemen, for your comfort, how beautifully Trilby sang under Svengali's mesmeric control.

MRS. POTTER PALMER

LORD SALISBURY'S RETIREMENT FROM THE active control of public affairs in England will not be a great surprise to people who have watched the bulletins of the physicians for some time past and who have noticed how the infirmities of age have gradually grown upon him. Lord Salisbury is not an old man as years go—he is only a year over the Biblical limit of threescore and ten—but he has been so many years in public life, for so long he has controlled the destinies of the British Empire, that he has grown weary of a task which would tax the energies of a Titan. The government of Britain is a task so stupendous that it would seem almost beyond the capacity of one man, and if occasionally statesmen blunder, or grow careless, or forget things, can it be wondered at? When one remembers the ramifications of Great Britain, how the interests of a dependency or a colony on one side of the world must be reconciled so as not to clash with those on another, how white and yellow and black and red men have to be ruled so that they may live amicably side by side, how all the world these days is engaged in the fiercest commercial competition, and that commerce and politics are so inseparably interwoven that one serves to promote the ends of the other, the task of governing may well appall the stoutest and the most intelligent. Lord Salisbury has, if his opponents are to be believed, made many mistakes, but he has endeavored to prevent war and to live at peace with his neighbors. He has not been afraid to do the unpopular thing if he considered it right.

MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

ALL GOOD YACHTSMEN AND ADMIRERS OF genuine sport and lovers of fair play will rejoice to hear that Mr. Lawson's yacht *Independence* will be given an opportunity to test the sailing qualities of the syndicate yacht *Constitution*—of which Mr. Butler Duncan, Jr., is the manager and representative of the owners—built to defend the America's Cup against the attempt of Sir Thomas Lipton to "lift" that very ugly but very precious piece of silver. The average American whose neglected education does not enable him to recognize the difference between a fin-keel and a spinnaker has a pride in seeing the Cup, the blue ribbon of the ocean, remain in the possession of American yachtsmen, but he wants to see the best yacht, irrespective of technical details, permitted to compete for the honor of maintaining American supremacy. Mr. Lawson at his own expense is building a yacht, which may be better than that of the New York syndicate, although few people think it is possible that a Herreshoff creation can be beaten by any builder on this or the other side of the water. Still, the doubt exists, and therefore it is not only advisable but also the manly thing to have the real merits of the two boats demonstrated beyond cavil. In the waters of Rhode Island the two specimens of the best brains of the yacht-builders of America will engage in a friendly struggle, and the contest will silence all doubts as to the relative merits of the two boats. When Sir Thomas Lipton makes his second attempt to capture the Cup he may feel sure that he is competing with the best yacht America has been able to build, sailed by the smartest men and commanded by the most experienced officers. If in the circumstances he wins, the victory will be indeed notable. And he will be welcome to "hold the bag" until next time.

THOMAS W. LAWSON

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

ALL THE AMERICAS ARE TO BE THE GUESTS OF the United States this summer. The Directors of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo will open its doors on the first of next month, and it is understood the country has a welcome surprise in store for it. This is to be one of the most beautiful expositions the world has seen. The Buffalo people who are putting their energies and their money into this enterprise, and, in doing so, giving us a fine example of American civic organization and activity, decided at the outset that they would have an artistic fair even if not a great one in magnitude. Their aim has been, not to outdo Chicago and Paris in size, but to eclipse them both in perfection of arrangements and display and classification of exhibits. From all accounts they have succeeded in this laudable design, and are ready to astonish and delight all comers when the gates are swung outward. Director-General Buchanan, who was recently in Washington and New York, consulting with diplomatic representatives, is perhaps the most experienced exposition manager in this country, and the one man who may be said to have reduced the direction of these complex enterprises to an art which, in his case, has become almost a profession. Of course, the Buffalo Exposition is to have its Midway, without which no modern fair is complete; additional attractions of no small interest are the great cataract and the wonderful engineering works connected with it, and animals and feathered creatures from all the Western world.

WM. J. BUCHANAN

THE FRENCH PEOPLE DEARLY LOVE A FETE, and it makes no difference to them what the occasion, so long as they are given an opportunity to have their love of color gratified by a show and they can cheer for somebody or something. The Gauls are emotional, ambitious and somewhat indiscreet, and, as a German newspaper remarked the other day, such displays act as necessary safety-valves. Recently France has grown delirious because an Italian fleet visited Toulon, and in the magic to be found at the bottom of a glass of champagne President Loubet toasted the King of Italy as "our dear friend," while the Duke of Genoa referred to France in an equally cordial manner. All this is as it should be; but behind the champagne and the *pâté de foie gras* is supposed to be something more significant than indigestion. Italy has been one of the partners with Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance, which has done much to preserve the peace of Europe; but now there is talk of Italy withdrawing from the partnership and being admitted into the Franco-Russian firm. That would be a political event of the first magnitude. Not only is Italy a great military power, but she has a fleet known to be enormously powerful and in the highest state of efficiency. The combined fleets of France and Italy would be a menace to England, not only because of their strength but also because of their bases enabling them to threaten England in her most vulnerable spot, the Mediterranean. France would delight in such an alliance. No longer able to stand alone, a first-class power in name only, she has grown impatient of posing as the tail of the Russian kite. If there should be a realignment of the Powers, it might threaten war rather than peace, and force England, who has hitherto remained free from entangling alliances, to openly ally herself with Germany or Austria, so as to preserve the balance of power and maintain the equilibrium.

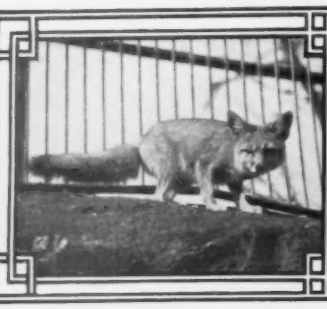
PRESIDENT LOUBET

THE KING OF ITALY

THE PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE of Fifteen, appointed at the time when Mr. Richard Croker declared that vice did not exist in the city of New York, shakes the faith of the average citizen. According to the report, vice stalks rampant throughout the metropolis, and it thrives and fattens because the people who are supposed to suppress it have a pecuniary interest in its existence. In regard to gambling, the committee finds that gambling and pool-rooms were openly operated in violation of the law, and that they were permitted to remain open by the authorities and were undoubtedly protected by officers whose duty it was to close them; that they have not done so is due simply to the fact that it is profitable to them to permit the places to do business. The proprietors of these illicit resorts have to pay for protection, and the tax levied on them is by no means light. What becomes of the money is a mystery (not to Mr. Josiah Flynt, though!); but it is safe to assume it is not devoted to charitable purposes, even although Tammany is a "benevolent association." Immorality the committee finds to exist in the tenement houses, and it will have some practical suggestion of reform to make later, but one which it makes now will meet with the earnest consideration of all thoughtful citizens. It urges the establishment of a public hall in each Assembly district where the people can meet to discuss their rights. What the Town Hall is in the New England village the Assembly Hall should be in the modern city, is the opinion of the committee. It is undoubtedly a good suggestion. Public discussion is the means to safeguard liberty in a democracy.

W. H. BALDWIN, JR., CHAIRMAN FIFTEEN COMMITTEE

WHAT A WOMAN SAW AT THE "ZOO"



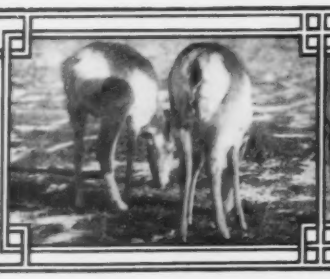
REYNARD IS SUSPICIOUS

A BABY ORANG-OUTANG

THE LAST AND RAGGED REMNANT OF THE AMERICAN BUFFALO

POLAR BEARS

A CARIBOU CALF



BUSY WITH YOUNG GRASS

A HERD OF ELK

A BAND OF ANTELOPE ON THE DEER RANGE

FOUR HUNDRED years ago the Borough of the Bronx was a paradise of wild things. We know this on the authority of no less a person than Jacques Cartier, who, in 1534, says: "In these parts there be great store of wilde beasts as Faunes, Stags, Beares, Martines, Hares and Foxes with divers other sorte." So, then, what man destroyed it now remains for man to replace. Nature was ready; this Bronx Park Zoo is her handiwork. She arranged that tiny, leaf-choked stream that meanders through the trees and rocks and broadens out in a bosky dell to make a fit home for the beaver. She planted that bramble thicket, and, knowing it well, left it to rear itself into sturdy luxuriance. She scooped out the valleys and molded the hills, cast the great rocks into grotesque shapes, smoothed out the long stretches for grass and grew the trees. All this she did with artful skill and vast expense; man and the animals had but to take possession, and now they all dwell together in this ideal Zoo, as happy as it is possible for those who have adopted suburban life. That is—the animals, as with humans, have not the cramped quarters of city life (usual in the Zoos), and neither have they the glorious freedom of the great, broad West; but they have room enough and to spare, to live a free and natural life.

A FREE AND NATURAL LIFE IN CAPTIVITY

Already the benefit to science, and to all intelligent seekers for more light, is being felt. The little burrowing owl of Southern Florida, a shy little creature, about whose habits my naturalist friends tell me little is known, took to his roomy quarters so affectionately that he soon set about making for himself a home, according to his own views, and raising a family. The brood is expected soon, but just how soon no one knows. That is the delightful part of it. No one has been able to observe these owls before, and the whole home-making operation, the peculiar way their claws send the earth flying in every direction as they dig their hole, the number of eggs on the nest, and in fact the whole process of raising a family, is undiscovered treasure to the naturalist. And even I, of the laity, felt a thrill as I was told of the graciousness of the burrowing owls in thus making living examples of themselves for the advancement of knowledge.

Then over there under the trees are five wild turkeys. I speak of these next, because I have not the logical mind that prefers to go along in the laid-out path, and because this is not a guide-book, but a budget of memories. I believe those turkeys came from Florida, but no matter, they are beautiful, as they strut about in the spots of sunlight to show off their rich iridescent feathers. They are much-travelled turkeys, as on their way from the South they saw the man-world for a short time in the Madison Square Garden before coming to enjoy the country.

But if I were a bird I should rather be in the flying cage. It is wonderful, the largest of its kind. To have such a home must be a distinction in birddom. It is a guarantee of beauty and flight of course, but it is also a voucher of good character and amiability, for, naturally, vicious and harmful birds are not admitted. Surely it is the greatest chance for birds to show off safely, than which there is nothing better in the world. To be in the flying cage for birds must be something like being "in the public eye" for men. In it are the herons, egrets, gulls, snipe, plovers, grouse, etc., which last means in my case, as with the small boy, that I "don't know any more."

Really the first thrill of pleasure that always comes to me is immediately after entering the Zoo, when I come on the deer range. The surroundings of the Virginia deer are so absolutely natural—and these animals, as you know, are the same neutral color of the grass and shrubs—that I have all the joys of accidental encounter in the open when I discover their whereabout in the inclosure each time anew. Sometimes they are lying on the slight rise of ground under some bushes, two soft gray-brown spots in gray-brown surroundings. Sometimes they are grazing at the far end, and accidentally get themselves partially silhouetted against the dark tree-trunks, or they are wetting their dainty feet in the spring as they drink. The Virginia deer show themselves to be true F. F. V.'s; for they keep to themselves and seldom notice the human, big or little, that stares at them through the almost invisible wire fence. And this same fence meets with my entire, though humble, approbation. It is an adequate guard reduced to the least common multiple of obstruction of view and obtrusiveness. One becomes partially unconscious of its presence, and when I happened on the elk, or antelope, or buffalo, looking so comfortable and at home among the grass and trees, it gave me a start of pleasure as it would if they really were in the wilds.

ANTELOPE POSE, AND WILD WOLVES HOWL

That band of antelope, for instance, that the photographer has caught, nose among the leaves for food and get themselves into all their pretty antelope poses of uplifted hoof and flashing rumps, white as the departed snow, and the kid antelope bleating to its mother, as unconsciously as their relatives did in the mountains of Wyoming last summer, when I came upon them after having spent eight hours of the most elaborate sneaking behind hills, rocks and trees, in order to observe without disturbing them.

The three baby caribou are great fun when they come frolicking to their food. They manage their shanky legs and enormous splay feet with puppy awkwardness, but wear the while an expression on their snuff-and-black faces so good-humored and engaging that it quite wards off the unfavorable impression of general misfit which they at first inspire.

A good way off, just barely within howling distance, are the wolf and coyote dens, large rocky inclosures in one of which is the great Russian wolf. A savage fellow and a murderer, his story does not take long to tell. He had a mate, a blue-blooded Russian like himself, but one night she, by a rare combination of strength, cunning and agility, effected her escape. For two days she roamed over the region, then the keepers found her hiding-place, in a cellar, and brought her back to her mate. But he—well, we do not know just what he thought, but this clearly was an act of desertion. He apparently reflected on the case for a day or two, and decided that Betsy and he "were out." He constituted himself judge, jury, witness and—executioner. Next day he roamed about their rock-furnished cage alone.

A favorite amusement of his is chewing up his agateware dinner-plate, at the imminent risk of a broken tooth. But his greatest pleasure is howling. He has long howls, short howls, Sunday howls and week-day howls. He was raising his long-drawn-out song when I came by—such an inspiring animal, long, gray fur, bushy tail, sharp nose, and ever-watchful eyes—an object of great interest since Red Riding Hood days.

He did not mind me, I was merely vulgar populace, and continued unconcernedly his amusement of cracking the porcelain on his dinner-plate, now and again growling and giving the plate a savage pat with his paw, making believe, I fancy, in a half-hearted way, that it was an enemy resisting him.

GREAT SNAKES AT HOME

The coyotes near were having a little game of follow the leader, and had a well-worn path from end to end of their rocky inclosure, which testified to the popularity of the play. Occasionally the Russian wolf would stop worrying his plate and gravely trot to one side of the cage and silently survey his frivolous neighbors, very like Mrs. Upper Fifth Avenue looking in at a church bazaar.

Next to the noisy, musical coyotes are the gray, or buffalo, wolves from the plains of Colorado and New Mexico. The first of these to arrive was duly named "Lobo" for the benefit of the children, and also in honor of the old King of Currumpaw.

Perhaps you, "dear reader," share my abhorrence of snakes; but I will admit that over that bridge and along that shady wood a short distance is a reptile house which it is a pleasure to go into. To so display snakes that it is a pleasure to be near them is a triumph of art and skill I had not expected to witness, but the reason for it is simple. Here again the animal is, as far as possible, in its natural surroundings—the tropical alligator pond is beautiful enough for any man's conservatory, and the large, horrible black-tailed python has his glass home hung with baskets of growing ferns and festoons of Floris moss. If you do not like to look at the purple coils of the cotton-mouthed moccasin, or the sinuous coral snake, you can feast your eyes upon the tender greenery around them. There is a little story about this chap—the black-tailed python. The first night after his yards and yards of ropelike anatomy had been deposited in his case, Mr. Python went on a voyage of discovery and was rewarded by finding a weak place up in one corner of his yet unfinished glass palace. Just what Python's travels were that night are unchronicled, but the keepers finally found him resting contentedly under the cook-house, from which odorous berth it was hard to dislodge him. It was not until the floor was taken up, and the adventurous python hooded, that he allowed himself to be carried back in disgrace, and since then he has behaved himself very well. For a time after his arrival the regal python next door had been a bit of an invalid. Perhaps he had not enjoyed his long journey across the world from Singapore, or perhaps he, being a masculine python, liked his old clothes better than the new. At any rate, when it came time for him to change his skin he did not seem to be able to shed it, and the keepers had to help him; by holding a blanket in front of his head, they managed to pull his old skin off bit by bit, an operation most interesting to all concerned.

By GRACE GALLATIN SETON-THOMPSON (MRS. SETON-THOMPSON)

Author of "A Woman Tenderfoot"

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN UNDER DIRECTION OF THE AUTHOR

WHERE THE BEARS PLAY TAG

While I was listening to the tale of the python a curious noise arose near by, like the escaping of steam in the radiator. I supposed it was that, until, upon looking more closely at the next fernery, I saw that an old rattlesnake was actively expressing his disapproval of me. His rattle end was near the perforated tin which lets heat into his abode, and the metallic reverberation made the rattler's challenge sound all too portentous. So I decided I had enough of snake, and turned again into the smiling sunshine, where all around spoke of the happy promise of spring—the sea-lions were barking and sporting about in their pool, the "rocking stone" just beyond was poised picturesquely upon its parent granite, and the black bears were playing ball in their dens. Up to recently, I had always supposed that bears existed for the sole purpose of killing humans whenever the chance offered. Therefore, when I saw the keeper go into the great Florida bear's asphalted home and romp with him, and play a game of tag around the bathtub and the tree, just to amuse the big fellow, I felt as though Mother Goose characters had suddenly come to life; for the history of this same sleek, seven-foot-high bear chronicles the biting off at the wrist of a man's hand. Beyond this chap's home among the rocks is that of the polar bears, huge fellows that shine out against the sky like two white beacons. And below them is the beaver pond, nestling in the heart of golden brown woods. You can go to it, not on regularly laid-out walks, with trees evenly distributed on either side, and the suspicion that just beyond that high bush is another walk as snug and well kept as the one at your feet, but scuffling through the autumn-dropped leaves, with a chance to get your feet wet in the little stream—if you wish. And you can watch the wondrous way of life in the ducks as they glide over the surface of their cosey pool—it matters not whether they be *Anas boschas* or *Dafila acuta;* enough that they are there, keeping their ungainly feet well out of sight in the water and presenting their plumage in rich browns, reds and greens to be played upon by the sunlight, and that they are at home, living their own life, and as happy and unconcerned as ducks should be.

I wonder when they hear "Lobo," the big gray wolf, howling just beyond, if they feel as snug on their pond as we do before the grate fire when the storm beats upon the windows and the wind howls and shrieks outside in the dark night.

SEA-LIONS IN THE BRONX

Of course, the muskrats are here, too. Mere man cannot keep the muskrat from occupying the water home that suits him. They immediately took possession of the aquatic mammal pond as soon as it was made, quite undisturbed by the gentle hints given them that they were not wanted. There is a story of when this pond was first in shape for its inhabitants three sea-lions were installed and allowed to sport about the lake without barrier other than the natural ones. Like the youth with a hundred dollars in his pockets—too much freedom doesn't always work for his own good—two of the sea-lions went a-voyaging one night, hitching along overland among sticks and stones in their clumsy fashion. Several days later they were discovered by their anxious keepers dwelling wickedly in the foreign water of Bronx River. They were brought back like truant children, and since then have lived behind the iron picket fence where you see them now.

We got in the Mammal House just in time to see the great ant-eater, familiarly known as "Auntie," in the midst of her bath. Auntie is an eccentric animal, with vicious front feet and an absurd head and tail, wonderfully suited to the business of catching ants, no doubt, but quite uncomfortable in a Zoo, for if she is ailing, as she is sometimes, the keepers cannot force medicine down her throat, as she has no mouth worth mentioning, nothing but a tiny hole at the end of her long snout through which her eel-like tongue comes out. Auntie's bath took place in front of Princeton's abode, which he watched with the greatest interest, quite neglecting his usual pet, a large wooden ball. Princeton is a beautiful tiger cub, with the usual college suite of two rooms for his home, next door to Auntie. His favorite color, strange to say, is Harvard crimson; his favorite animal, school-children. He is too young yet to have a past.

A CHARMING, THOUGH MUCH REVILED ANIMAL

I have had occasion before to take up the pen in defence of that charming little black-and-white animal—the skunk. Had I not known that they are such little gentlemen when treated politely I probably should not have suggested that one of the skunks, a fine fat chap, be taken out of the cage—he lives on the second *étage* above Princeton—and allowed to run around the floor of the Mammal House, while we took his photo. So skunky was dragged out of his hollow log by his tail—think of that!—and for the first time since his arrival he had a chance to frisk about free, as of old; but not quite free, for no matter in which direction he turned there was a human, to shoo him back toward a certain spot of sunlight. And thus he ran hither and thither, worried and confused, but still a gentleman, until the photo was taken. But the light was not good indoors, and as skunky had behaved so well we resolved to give him a new experience. He was picked up again by his tail—for his sharp, vicious little claws are what the keepers most dread—and carried outside and deposited on the ground, guarded only by four persons, who made a human barrier between him and escape. He might easily have used his weapon of defence and none would have stayed to contest it; but he seemed to realize that no harm was intended, and so out in the full sunlight, in a grassy field, he, with great dignity, allowed us to take two or three of his most effective poses; then he was ignominiously carried back to his home—and nothing happened.

CUTE TRICKS OF THE BABY ORANGS

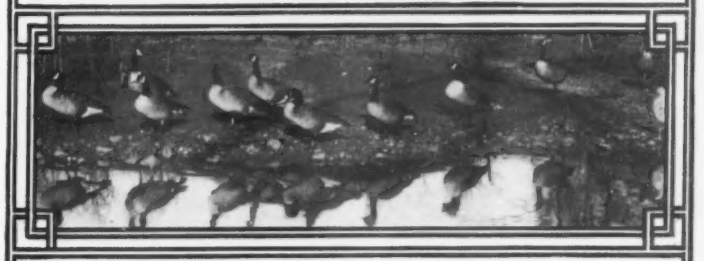
Three large-eyed, brown little faces staring at you through the glass. They are Sadong, Sally and Noonsong, the baby orangs. I hope you do not belong to that rapidly diminishing class who shudder at the name of monkey. Sadong is the eldest, and posed for her picture better than most children. She has many cute tricks. The door of her glass house was opened and a dish of water placed just beyond the reach of her mouth, but within easy distance of her long, powerful arms. Then Sadong quite unconsciously showed us a trick of the forest, learned by one of her ancestors—how many hundreds of years ago? She stretched out her long-fingered brown hand and scooped up as much water as she could hold, and, raising it over her upturned face, allowed the water to drip into her mouth—a very dainty way of drinking. Sadong has various ways of amusing herself. She will swing by the hour on her trapeze, and now and again for diversion will suspend herself by her feet, head downward, and, grasping Sally from the floor, will pick her up, give her a playful bite or two and set her down hard, reminding one of the human analogy of a poor girl being taken up for a time by a rich society woman. It is great fun for Sadong, but it is a little hard on Sally. Another time Sally was swinging nonchalantly from a rope, the top of which was fastened in the ceiling, the other end left free. To amuse herself she lifted the loose end below where she swung by one arm, and, making a loop of it, stuck her head through it. Now the scene was set for Sadong, who stopped trying to steal Noonsong's banana, and cautiously taking hold of the loose end of the rope began to pull gently, but with ever-increasing strength. Sally did not notice at first, then her eyes began to open wide in astonishment, then to bulge out with fear. Then, as the noose grew tighter, she chattered and screamed and gasped, until suddenly realizing the cause of the trouble, and that it was only an orang practical joke, she lifted Sadong bodily from the floor and thus loosened the noose so that she could pull her head out—and, indeed, not any too soon for her future life on this plane.

It is because of the Bronx Zoo's system of providing plenty of exercise (in this case a gymnasium), as well as the proper food, that the orangs have remained alive and happy for a longer period than ever before in captivity.

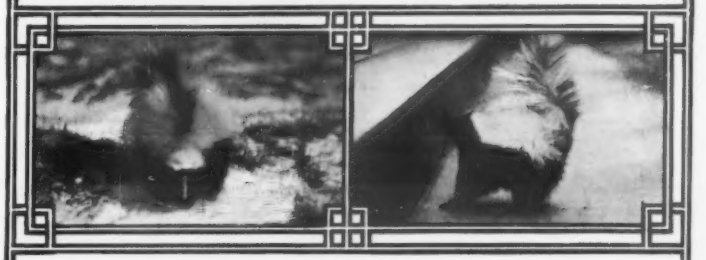
HENDRIK HUDSON WOULD FEEL AT HOME AT THE "ZOO"

But, after all, the housed animals cannot hold me for long. I had rather be out with the condors—one old fellow I can see even now sharpening his beak on a stone in his cage and thus getting ready for the next meal, a grewsome reminder of bygone days when the ewe-lamb and the kid were his prey; or beside the kit-fox, who looks at you so winsomely from her front yard; or, better still, to set the coyotes howling again. Their ki-yi's send me drifting away to the wild, wild West, where they have so often tuned their lay for me at sunset. Listening to their howlings, I forget that we are here together in the fringe of a monstrous city—with bars between—perhaps they do, too, and I remember only the glorious Shoshones, mounting peak on peak, and the plains stretching miles and miles away, with the murmuring pines and the rivulets, the giant rock chasms and the mighty torrents of the great terrifying desert. Then the coyotes stop, and the pretty, pastoral, woodsy scene is smiling at me as before; and I smile, too; for after all, if the shade of Hendrik Hudson could join me, he would not feel very strange. He would see the same rocks, streams and forests, and the same animals—not quite so abundant, perhaps, but otherwise the same in their native setting of budding trees and leaf-padded earth—and, after a period of persecution, now again at home.

SADONG, SALLY AND NOONSONG, THE CUTE LITTLE ORANG-OUTANGS



A SOLEMN PROCESSION OF CANADA GEESE



A CHARMING BLACK AND WHITE ANIMAL, THOUGH MUCH REVILED BY ABSURD HUMANS

"AUNTIE," THE ANT-EATER, IN HER BATH

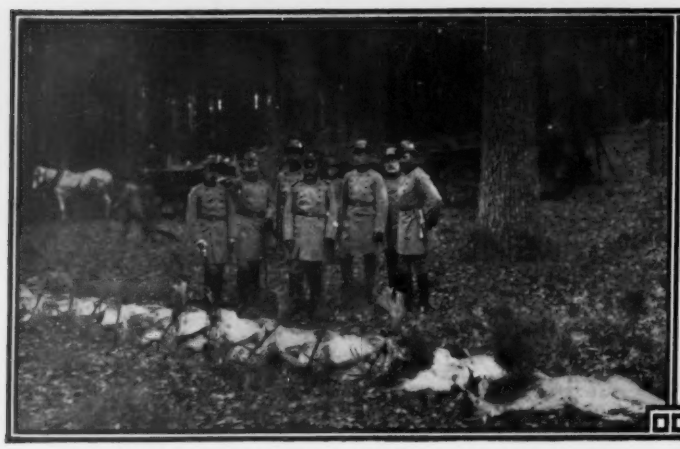
A MOTLEY COLLECTION IN THE FLYING CAGE

THE KAISER STARTING FOR A DAY'S HUNT IN THE "GÖHRDE" IN HANOVER, WHERE THE BEST BOAR HUNTING IS TO BE FOUND

THE KAISER IN A BLIND ON THE HUNTING DRIVE, WAITING FOR WILD BOARS WHICH WILL BE DRIVEN TOWARD HIM BY BEATERS

HOW THE KAISER KILLS A PROTESTING BOAR WITH HIS HUNTING KNIFE

THE KAISER AND STAFF POSING WITH THE HUNT PARTY AT A BOAR HUNT



THE KAISER AND SWEDISH ROYAL PERSONAGES AFTER A DAY'S DEER HUNTING

LAYING OUT BEFORE THE KAISER THE TROPHIES OF A BOAR HUNT

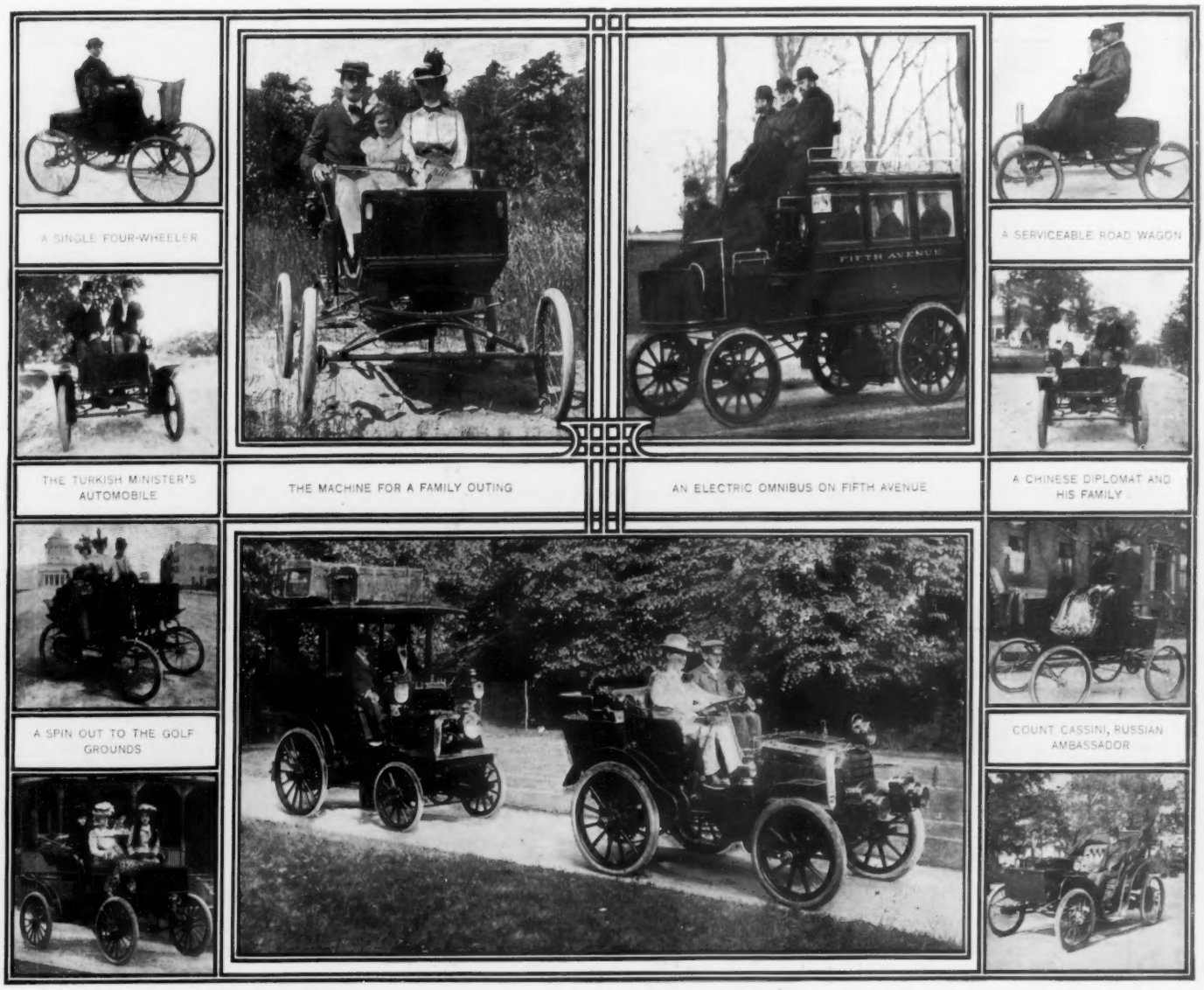
WAITING FOR THE GAME

GIVING THE COUP DE GRACE TO A WOUNDED BOAR

A SHOT WITH ONE HAND

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY GOES A-HUNTING

Emperor William is a keen sportsman. No form of hunting is too difficult for him, no physical exertion too arduous, and, on the other hand, no game is too large or too small to be considered unworthy of a shot from his gun. Whether he be in pursuit of wild boars or deer, roebuck or woodcock in his own Grunewalde, or partakes in a battue-hunt for hare or birds, he is a Nimrod from top to toe. The above remarkable photographs depict a recent hunt



A SINGLE FOUR-WHEELER

THE TURKISH MINISTER'S AUTOMOBILE

THE MACHINE FOR A FAMILY OUTING

AN ELECTRIC OMNIBUS ON FIFTH AVENUE

A SERVICEABLE ROAD WAGON

A CHINESE DIPLOMAT AND HIS FAMILY

A SPIN OUT TO THE GOLF GROUNDS

COUNT CASSINI, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

A COMFORTABLE FAMILY AFFAIR

ALFRED HARMSWORTH (IN WHITE) IN HIS RACING AUTOMOBILE, SPEED 44⅓ MILES PER HOUR, WITH BAGGAGE CAR

A WELL-KNOWN EDITOR'S CARRIAGE

THE COMING AUTOMOBILE

By PROF. R. H. THURSTON, Cornell University

ONE OF THE questions most frequently asked of the assumed competent prophet in the automobile world is, "What is the Coming Automobile?" It is desired to know just what individual form among the many now in the hands of the promoters may be expected to illustrate the survival of the fittest, and it is usually assumed that some one of these diverse types and styles will ultimately serve every purpose, whether the beating of the record in a long-distance race, the afternoon drive in the park, or the leisurely journey across country, whether prairie or the Berkshire Hills, or the haulage of heavy merchandise in city or in country. "The Coming Automobile" is expected to meet these various forms of demand with equal satisfaction to all concerned; precisely as the steam-engine has hitherto, since the time of Watt, been found to be applicable to every purpose for which a prime mover is demanded.

The steam-engine is, however, finding rivals in transmitted power from distant waterfalls and in the gas-engine, and, where divided power is desirable, several small engines are displaced by one large one with transmission to the various points of application through the electric wire. It is thought by many competent authorities among men of science that the heat-engines as a class may be, some time, displaced by a new motor deriving its energy directly from the fuel, and that possibly we may yet see the latent and potential energy of our coal-beds converted into electric energy and power, transmitted from the mines into the great cities without the intermediary of any form of mechanism. It is possible that we may find the history of the automobile reversing this order of evolution.

To-day, the automobile is finding employment in several forms in as various fields. In the large cities or wherever current can be had conveniently and certainly, the electric carriage is in use and has thus far been considered by many the ideal automobile for city use. In long-distance work and general use in transportation of its passengers outside the city, and from town to town, the petroleum-engine has been found a very successful motor; while, for heavy work, in the haulage of merchandise or in traction, steam has found as yet no rival. Air, compressed at ordinary temperatures, and even "liquid air," has been used or proposed as a promising competitor in this wide-open field. It may be worth our while to consider what are the obstacles in each case, which impede the advancement of each type and impeach its title, at the moment, as "The Coming Automobile."

THE ELECTRIC VEHICLE

The electrically impelled vehicle would prove undoubtedly the ideal—(1) provided it could be constructed at a sufficiently low price to be accepted by those who are compelled to consider the worth of the dollar in comparison with what it can buy; (2) if it could be always and everywhere supplied with current cheaply and conveniently; (3) if the weight and cost of its energy-storage system could be considerably reduced; and (4) if its "radius of action," as a naval man would say, could be, by the latter and other expedients, largely increased. The machine is, to-day, heavy, expensive, of limited range and impracticable outside the cities in which current can be readily obtained, and is quite out of the field in general work about the country or on long routes along which a trolley or other system of provision of current is not always at hand.

THE PETROLEUM MOTOR

The petroleum motor and its carriage is practically available on all routes, if the apparatus can be relied upon to burn such petroleum as may be found at its points of rest. It adapts itself to all distances and to all speeds tolerably well, and may be handled by the amateur with no other special danger than that of accident resulting in the firing of his tank. On the other hand—(1) its odors are usually unpleasant; (2) its action is impulsive and sometimes noisy; (3) it is sometimes, particularly with heavy vehicles, difficult to start promptly. Possibly the trouble in sudden stops and starts may be considered its most serious disadvantage; but this and the use, so largely, of explosive and extremely combustible fluids, and its odors, constitute the usual indictment against this class.

STEAM AUTOMOBILES

Steam as a motor-fluid has been known in the automobile world for many years. It was employed in an automobile construction, in fact, by the French inventor, Cugnot, more than a century ago, and his machine, still preserved in good order, at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers at Paris, where it has been a number of times inspected by the writer, is a rather remarkable piece of work—of good work, for that time. Seventy years ago the steam automobile was in extensive use in London and elsewhere in Great Britain, and very successfully, both as a matter of construction and commercially, until shut out by deliberately framed adverse legislation, in the interests of the stage-coach and toll-roads proprietors. It was found applicable to long and to short routes, to heavy and to light work, to every variety of road-surface and gradient. Yet it has only persisted in the form of the traction-engine for slow and heavy work—unless, indeed, we include the locomotive on the railway among the locomobiles. The latter has made the modern world possible; for all other advances would have been stifled without this method of transportation; it has here made a marvellous success.

But the steam automobile has two special disadvantages, the removal of which is essential to its leadership: (1) It requires, in its present form, skilled attendance; and (2) it is subject to dangers due to the storage of considerable amounts of energy, under high pressures, within a vessel more or less subject to rupture. Motor-fluid and fuel can be had everywhere, the former at no cost; long and short routes are equally practicable; any size, power, speed or type of construction may be adopted with this motor. Its main objection usually lies in the fact that it must carry a steam boiler, with a skilled engine-driver and fireman. Minor faults are its complexity and cost of construction.

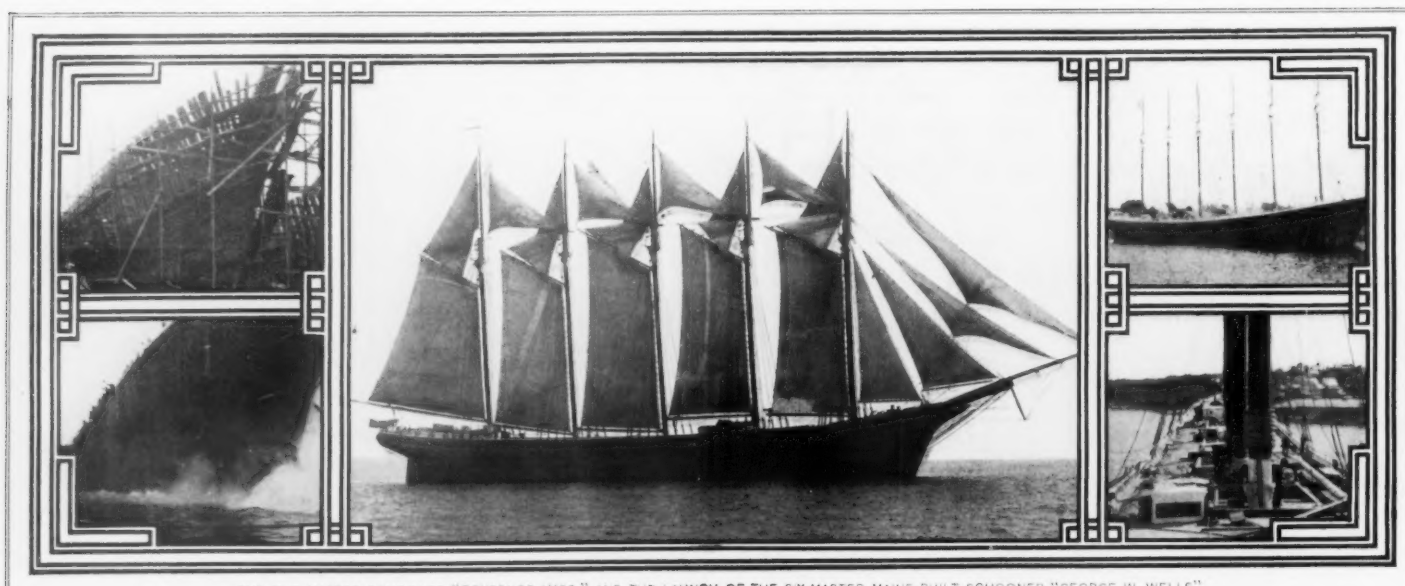
COMPRESSED AIR AND LIQUID AIR

Compressed air has all the advantages of steam—so long as it lasts—except that of low cost of power and that of steady impulsion. It costs too much for compression and storage; these costs increasing rapidly with increasing pressures. It is capable of storage only in limited quantity and can supply energy for far too short a length of route. It finds application only in special cases and in special locations, as in mining locomotives and in tunnels, where the discharged air has value in ventilation. It possibly may find use here and there in city work.

"Liquid air," notwithstanding its promoters' impressive claims, can hardly be expected to come into use in motors until a way can be devised of safe, permanent and economical storage, with low weights of reservoir, and until its cost can be reduced to a fraction of the present real expense for manufacture and supply. It need not be as yet considered among the available sources of power for automobiles.

THE IDEAL MOTOR-VEHICLE

"The Coming Automobile" must be comfortable, stylish, easy in manipulation, safe, economical, adaptable to long as well as short routes, speedy enough to compete with the equine motor, and capable of finding all essential supplies along any common highway in any part of the country. The automobilist is looking for the inventors and constructors who can meet these requirements, and will be practically equally well satisfied whether finding what he needs in the electrically impelled vehicle, in the steam "locomobile," in the petroleum motor, or in compressed or liquid air as the source of power. The inventor who can reduce the weight of the storage battery to a small fraction of present weights, and can extend the radius of action to several times the present magnitude, may supply "The Coming Automobile." The mechanic who shall furnish a steam motor having a boiler safe against explosion by overpressure and from injury by corrosion, incrustation and sediment, and having an engine, simple, strong and durable, will find a place in the competition. The contriver of a petroleum machine capable of using safely and economically any grade of mineral product as a combustible, and who can give us an engine that may be stopped and started certainly and promptly, will have a good chance of success. There may be room for all these classes, and it is probable that each will find its own special field of operations. Inventors will be likely to discover that there is room for all. Just now, no one can say what may be expected to be the outcome of the race for pre-eminence and business success.



THE FIVE-MASTED SCHOONER "GOVERNOR AMES," AND THE LAUNCH OF THE SIX-MASTED MAINE-BUILT SCHOONER "GEORGE W. WELLS"

COASTING SCHOONERS FOR SUMMER CRUISES

By MORGAN ROBERTSON, Author of "Spun Yarn," "Masters of Men," Etc., Etc.

MORGAN ROBERTSON

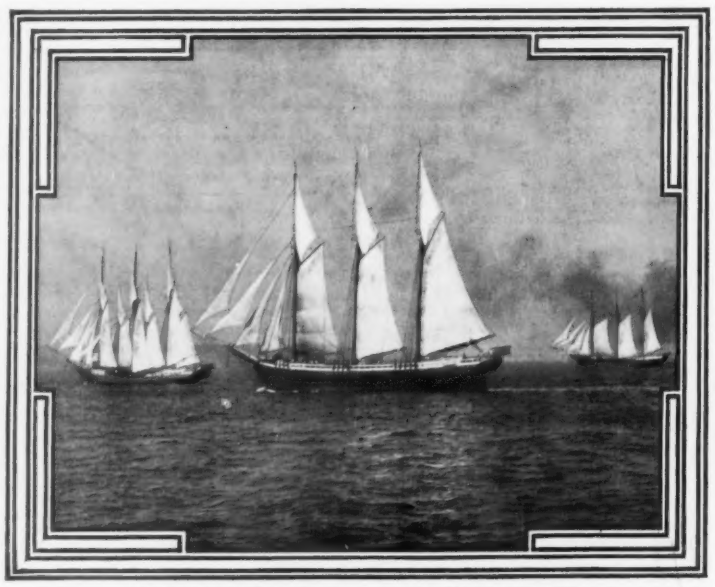
THE LARGER size, greater sail area, and promised greater speed of the contestants in the coming International Yacht Races arouse an interest in the fore-and-aft rig not possible in any other way. And, though the interest is world-wide, yet it is mainly emotional, thousands of people being unacquainted with the first principles of this rig. It is the rig of the racing yacht and the schooner, and it is a rig under which hundreds of lovers of salt water will reconstruct their city-shattered frames and nerves during a more or less protracted outing on Old Ocean this summer. What better policy than to learn to be a "sailorman" before you start?

Back in the days when fishermen and seamen built their own craft, a progressive man constructed a smack larger than any known at the time, and, realizing the difficulty of handling her canvas if hung to one mast, he gave her two, thus providing for the increased sail area without enlarging the individual parts. But she was not a smack—even a two-masted smack—and her builder did not know what to call her. Like all innovations, she attracted attention, and a large crowd collected at the launching. It was a most successful launching; she slid smoothly and easily down the ways, and at this moment an excited enthusiast in the crowd shouted, "Look at her schoon!" very likely coining the word "schoon" for the occasion. "A schooner let her be," said the proud and satisfied builder. So was born the schooner-rig; for, this craft being successful, others followed.

But for some reason undeducible, perhaps unknown to himself, being an experimenter, this progressive man made one mistake: he placed the largest mast aft instead of forward, and his imitators perpetuated the fault. Had some one, before the type of rig became fixed by conservatism, reversed the position of the spars, the advantage would have been obvious at once, and two-masted schooners of to-day would be sparred something like the craft known as yawls, which carry the largest mast a little abaft the position of the present foremast, and a smaller mast still further abaft the place of the mainmast. This is the handiest fore-and-aft rig known; as is attested by the fact that cruising yachts, and valuable, comparatively fragile, racing yachts adopt it in crossing the Atlantic.

A schooner's weak point is found in running before the wind, or with the wind on the quarter, and this comes of the large mainsail. With the wind forward of the beam she balances well and steers easily, and will lie two points closer to the wind than will a square-rigged vessel; but with the wind abaft the beam, the large mainsail is felt—particularly in the muscles of the man at the wheel; for, the further aft is the point from which it blows the more does it exert a pushing instead of a pulling force on the hull, and with the variable wind and sea pressure, this makes steering difficult. Were the large mainsail forward, thus bringing the centre of wind contact in the lead of the centre of gravity, a pulling force would be exerted, and many schooners which have been broached-to and dismasted in a heavy sea would have lived longer. Again, when it is necessary to "jibe"—to shift the canvas over to the other side when running before, or nearly before, the wind—it requires the presence of all hands to get the big mainsail aft and over against the full pressure of even a moderate wind. In a yawl-rigged vessel skilful steering by the man at the wheel will bring the jibs under the lee of the mainsail, when they can be trimmed over with little effort, and the pressure of the wind on the mainsail will be so broken by the interception of the "jigger," as the small after-sail is called, as to make it possible—in anything short of reefing weather—for the watch on deck to jibe it; then the small jigger is easily hauled aft and shifted.

When three-masted schooners were first considered there was a chance to remove this sole weakness of the schooner-rig, and on the Great Lakes it was done. The fore and mainmast were shifted forward and a small mizzenmast placed aft, thus giving the craft the advantage of a small after-sail to becalm the forward canvas in jibing, without in any degree lessening her ability to beat to windward. In the short life of the Lake schooners—for they have disappeared in the competition with steam—other good features unknown to the salt-water builder were evolved, such as booms on the two inner jibs, short lower-masts, and long topmasts carrying gafftopsails just within the scope of one man's strength to furl, heavy booms and light gaffs which kept the canvas as a whole on a more even plane with the wind, and, lastly, but most important from the sailor's standpoint, the abolition of the mizzen spring (or triatic) stay, which supports the mizzenmast from forward. Its work of support was done by three catstays leading aft and downward from the main topgallant-masthead, and by the leading forward of two legs of the mizzen shrouds; and its absence obviated the necessity of clewing up the main gaff-topsail and sending a man aloft to shift the tack and sheet in going about or wearing; for the main gaff could swing from one side to the other without obstruction.



A "FLOCK OF THREE-STICKERS" HEADED FOR THE SUMMER SEAS

But this fine fleet of Upper Lake three-mast schooners—in the opinion of the writer the handsomest, most convenient and economical sailing craft ever designed—has ceased to exist; the large steamers lately built on the Lakes having driven them out of business. A very few small Lake Ontario traders, locally known as "canallers," from their being built to fit the locks of the Welland Canal, are left, however, and on occasions one of these wanders down to the coast by way of the St. Lawrence canals. But the derision excited by her canalboat model invariably annuls possible appreciation of her rig, and as an object-lesson to shipbuilders she is a failure.

The salt-water three-mast schooner has retained the fault of the parent two-master—the largest sail nearest the stern. It seems as though the first builder to receive an order for a three-mast schooner had formed a picture in his mind of three masts in line modified by the same proportionate differences as those of two masts in line, and worked out his design accordingly—he spread the main and foremasts apart and stepped a third mast in the middle of a length half-way between those of the first two. The three crosstrees and the three trucks were in line. And still with the two-master in his mind, he spaced the masts so that the after one—the mizzen—should carry the largest sail. The advantage of three masts over two was sufficient to offset the occasional dismastings and the disabling of men at the spanker sheet, and the craft was pronounced a success.

But what success! What abominable makeshifts were called for! For instance, there being but one place for the centreboard which light-draught schooners carry—just forward of the middle of the keel—the builder places it there, but finds it in the way of the mainmast. As two objects cannot occupy the same place at the same time, one must give way. So, sometimes a schooner would have her mainmast stepped squarely on the keel, and all of it below the deck chamfered off to half its diameter to make room for the centreboard box, built up at one side of the keel. At other times the centreboard box would be amidships, and the mast stepped at one side with a leaning toward the middle to bring the mastheads into line. Neither way is shipshape nor workmanlike. With the Lake rig the mainmast is abaft the centreboard and both are amidships.

Another fault—and a bad one, considering that a great many coasting skippers dare not "wing out" their craft, but with a steady wind over the stern will bring it on the quarter and sail around a triangle, actually tacking to leeward—is the light booms fitted to the lower sails. A boom has another function than the mere extension of the lower edge of the sail: it is, by its weight, to bear down and keep the sail flat. With the light booms in vogue—but little heavier than the gaffs above—a schooner running dead before a smart wind and sea, with foresail at one side and mainsail at the other, is in a position of actual peril; for, with the slacking of the sheets the light booms cock up in the air like clothes-poles, and before they are over the rail the gaffs above are off at right angles—as far as they may go. Here we have the lower edges of the sails almost splitting the wind, and only by skilful steering are they kept full. A sudden yaw in the vessel's course, or a sudden shift of wind, and one sail is aback; then there is trouble—danger of split canvas or dismasting. Heavy booms could be slacked further off with a fresh breeze, and in a mild one could be hauled in, their weight helping, much easier. But these faults, like the craft herself, have come to stay.

After the three-master came the four-master, next the five-master, and now we have two six-mast schooners on the coast, with a seven-master building. All carry the light booms and execrable "biggest sail aft" of the original schooner; and unless there is steam in the donkey boiler all call the watch below to jibe, and occasionally cut off arms, legs and heads which get in the way of the sheet. It is to be hoped that before long some progressive, inventive skipper, with courage to withstand ridicule, will rig a small jigger whose handling will be within the scope of the watch on deck, in place of the large spanker, or driver, now in vogue. For these mammoth, multi-masted schooners—though with their five, six or seven masts of the same length as inartistic and unsightly as a picket fence—will doubtless drive the square-rigged ship from the seas. They can be built as large as the ship with an equal sail area; they can be handled with half the crew; they can beat to windward in a sea that would throw a square-rigged craft to leeward; they can go about when a ship would have to wear; and can wear, when necessary, with very little trouble, and that trouble confined to the jibing of the large after-sail.

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To the editor and readers of Collier's Weekly:— "The Cuban view of the American administration's view of the Cuban view of independence," is an excellent presentation of public opinion.

Conforme con las ideas emitidas en esta encuesta
(In conformity with the ideas expressed in the following)

José B. Alemán Domingo Méndez Capote Juan Gualberto Gómez

JUAN GUALBERTO GOMEZ — PRESIDENT CAPOTE, GOMEZ AND ALEMAN INDORSE "THE PLEA OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC" — DOMINGO MENDEZ CAPOTE

THE PLEA OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC

Signed by JUAN G. GOMEZ

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following exposition of "the Cuban view of the American Administration's view of the Cuban view of Independence" was prepared, under direction, by the Editor of the foremost Havana daily, acting as Special Correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY *in Cuba, signed by Juan Gualberto Gomez, President of the Convention's Committee on Relations, and indorsed by Domingo Mendez Capote, President of the Cuban Constitutional Convention, and Jose B. Aleman, delegate, and Editor of "La Tribuna." The Editor of* COLLIER'S WEEKLY *presents this statement without comment, as a matter of news interest. In editing the article no elisions have been made except an occasional personal comment of the writer, not affecting the argument. When this issue of* COLLIER'S WEEKLY *is in the hands of the public, it is expected that the special Committee of the Cuban Constitutional Convention will be in the United States, for consultation with the President, concerning the famous Platt amendment.*

THE CUBAN who ventures to express an opinion regarding the already famous rider to the Army Appropriation bill, known as the Platt amendment, does so only after having carefully studied, in connection therewith, certain other documents which are essential to a thorough understanding of the subject matter.

The first of these is what has come to be known as the "Teller resolution." This is an act which was passed by the American Congress, on the 19th of April, 1898, and is called "For the recognition of Cuban Independence." In it is found the following: "The people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent. The United States hereby renounce all intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over Cuba."

The second document to which reference is made is the Treaty of Paris, December 10, 1898. In this appears, Article I.: "Spain relinquishes all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba. And as the island is, upon its evacuation by Spain, to be occupied by the United States, the United States will, *so long as such occupation shall last*, assume and discharge the obligations that may, under international law, result from the fact of its occupancy, *for the protection of life and property*."

The Treaty of Paris is assumed to be a ratification of the Teller resolution, inasmuch as both provide that the United States shall deliver over the "government and control" of Cuba to her own people. The Platt amendment recognizes the validity of both the foregoing; the preamble opening with, "In fulfilment of the declaration contained in the joint resolution approved April 20, 1898, entitled, 'For the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba' . . . . the President is hereby authorized to 'leave the government and control of the island of Cuba to its people' so soon as a government shall have been established," etc.

HAS OUR GOVERNMENT BROKEN ITS PROMISE?

In spite of this recognition, the Platt amendment is regarded by Cubans as an attempt to place Cuba under the jurisdiction, sovereignty and control of the United States.

Careful consideration of the Platt amendment, from the standpoint of Cubans who weigh evidence before forming opinions—and it seems there are some such—reveals the impossibility of its acceptance by any patriotic natives who desire establishment of that independence for which three generations have striven. Why this is so I will attempt to show, basing my illustrations on a knowledge gained by personal conversation with the leading members of the Constitutional Convention, as well as with the foremost Cubans in business and social circles and on letters from such individuals from all over the island.

Clause I.—"That the government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes, or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island."

There is no objection to this clause, because of the fact that it had been provided for in the first clause of the "Opinion on relations that should exist between the United States and Cuba," as expressed and adopted by the Convention on February 26.

Clause II.—"That said government shall not assume or contract any public debt, to pay the interest upon which, and to make reasonable sinking fund provision for the ultimate discharge of which, the ordinary revenue of the island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate."

Nor was there objection to this, as paragraphs 59, 93 and 105 of the Constitution, as adopted by the Convention, provide even greater restrictions for national indebtedness.

THE CUBANS FEAR A MILITARY DICTATORSHIP

Clause IV.—"That all acts of the United States in Cuba, during its military occupancy thereof, are ratified and validated, and all lawful rights acquired thereunder shall be maintained and protected."

The fundamental principle of this request—respect for acts of the military representatives of the United States—and its perfect justice, were recognized and provided for by the Convention in its agreement of February 26. The Convention, however, inserted a saving clause which reads, "when such acts have been in accordance with existing local laws *and* the Foraker amendment." These members of the Convention who insisted on this clause were perfectly justified in arranging to protect Cuban interests against further suffering at the hands of parties who may have been illegally favored by the military government. It is admitted, too, that the actions of that government which call most loudly for investigation are those in connection with the recent municipal concessions in Havana and Santiago.

On January 3, 1899, General Brooke decreed that Spanish laws should be considered in effect until modified. This is offered without comment.

Clause V.—"That the government of Cuba will execute, and as far as necessary extend, the plans already devised, or other plans to be mutually agreed upon, for the sanitation of the cities of the island, to the end that a recurrence of epidemic and infectious diseases may be prevented, thereby assuring protection to the people and commerce of Cuba, as well as to the commerce of the Southern ports of the United States and the people residing therein."

In the preamble to the "Opinion," expressed on February 26, the Convention agreed that "such measures shall be agreed upon as will facilitate interchange between the two countries, adopting, in the first place, whatever resolutions for preservation of international and internal hygiene as shall best lead to extinction of importable diseases, as well as those deemed necessary for maintenance of mercantile and social relations."

Although Cubans feel that they are being requested to make pledges, in the four foregoing paragraphs, which are not required of other countries with which the United States maintain intimate relations, they are perfectly willing to yield the points along the lines indicated.

WHAT CAUSED THE CUBANS TO ABANDON HOPE

But, the real balk is over the third, sixth, seventh and eighth clauses of the Platt amendment. These are the terms which are regarded as prejudicial to any hopes of that independence which Cubans have been promised, even going so far as to partially partition the territory of Cuba, to free which the United States disinterestedly interposed in 1898. They object to these terms because they consider them to be in violation of the Teller resolution, the Treaty of Paris, and the promises of the American Government.

Examination of the objectionable clauses and the reasons for opposing them may prove interesting in arriving at the causes of contention.

Clause III.—"That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed by Cuba."

From this it appears that the United States has three objects in attempting to get the government of Cuba to concede the right to intervene: 1. "For the preservation of Cuban independence." Presumably, against foreign aggression. It is reasonable to suppose that the Cuban Government, after waiting this long for its independence, will take at least as much interest in preserving that independence as will the United States, and will take the initiative in negotiating for assistance to repel any foreigner who may wish to secure a foothold. Besides which, seventy years ago the United States notified European powers that they would not be allowed to become owners of Cuba, or to take possession by force of any territory belonging to republics of the Western Hemisphere. The extension of the Monroe Doctrine to Cuba occurred when the Treaty of Paris was signed. To give the United States the privilege—demanded by Congress—of deciding when Cuba is threatened, and when to intervene, is considered a practical surrender of the key to Cuban homes and a rather exorbitant request.

2. "For maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty." To the Cuban mind it appears hard to reconcile this provision with the idea of a Cuban Government. In fact, Cubans believe that if the United States is to decide when a Cuban Government is or is not "adequate," if the United States is to have the power to send its troops against that government without consulting the people of Cuba, that the government of the island will then really be only in the hands of such persons as shall be selected by the American Administration, the "free people" of Cuba having absolutely no voice in the matter of choosing their own rulers and representatives. In other words, Cubans seem to feel that, should they accept this clause, their government would become null and void.

THE BOGY OF PATERNALISM

Another way of objecting to this clause is found in the following utterance, penned by a protesting Cuban: "When could it be said that life and property were not sufficiently protected? Once the pseudo-independent Cuban Government shall have been constituted, will not commission of a single crime analogous to any of recent history be considered by the United States as indicating arrival of the moment to intervene? Who will finally determine as to justice or timeliness, in case the United States decide to exercise the right of intervention? The vagueness and elasticity of this provision augments its serious aspect to such an extent that, from whatever standpoint regarded, it is nothing but a menace to the future governments of Cuba and to the sovereignty of our republic."

3. "To discharge the obligations" imposed by the Treaty of Paris, etc. The first article of that treaty provides that the United States shall occupy Cuba immediately following Spain's evacuation, and that "*during such occupation*" the United States "assumes the obligations imposed by international law for the protection of life and property." The day on which the United States formally delivers Cuban affairs to a duly constituted Cuban Government that day does the responsibility of the United States, for Cuba's obligations, cease absolutely. That it was the intention of the United States to stand clear in precisely this manner is irrefutably demonstrated by Article XVI., Treaty of Paris, which reads: "It is understood that whatever obligation, respecting Cuba, is accepted by the United States in this Treaty, is limited to the time of duration of its occupation of the island; but, upon termination of that occupation, the United States will advise any government that is established to accept the same obligations."

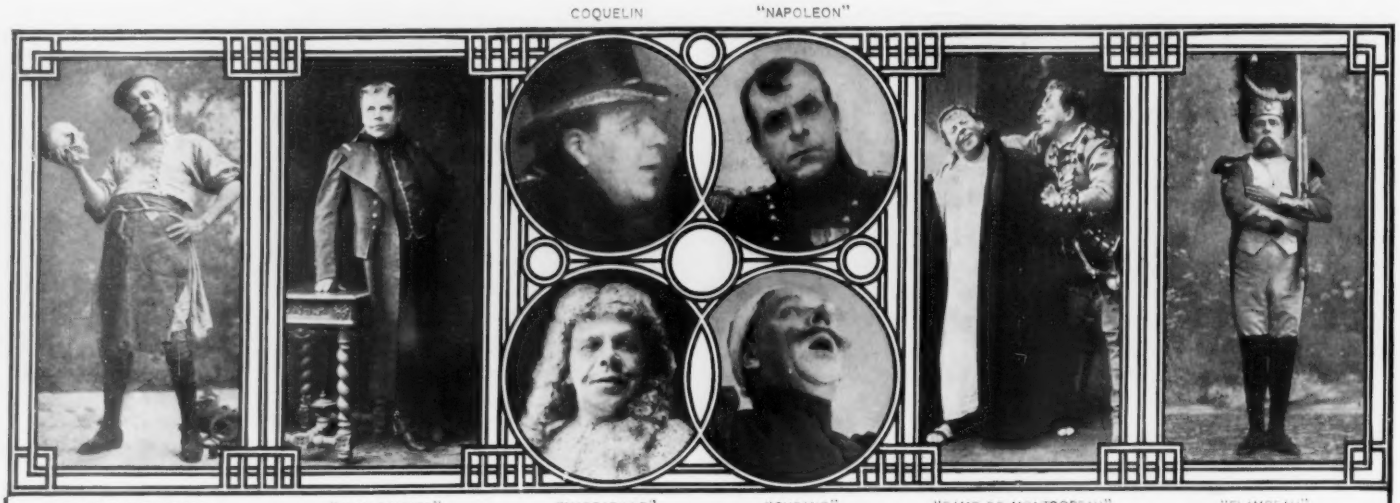
It is hardly conceivable that any can construe the above as meaning anything but that the gentlemen who drew it, as well as those who ratified it, recognized the transitory nature which any American occupation of Cuba must have in view of the joint Congressional resolution of April 19, 1898.

A LIMITED POWER CANNOT BE SOVEREIGN

Juan Gualberto Gomez was delegated to draw up the Convention's reasons for refusal of the Platt law. Among other things is said: "It is impossible to reconcile the third clause of the Platt amendment with the independence of Cuba or with the assertions of the United States that jurisdiction, sovereignty or control would never be exercised over Cuba except during such occupation as might be necessary for pacification of the island. Any intervention would be to obtain determinate solutions and impose fixed ideas. The individual or government which can do that is sovereign. Bluntschli, in his 'Theory of the State,' declares that the proper definition is, 'The State is the incarnation, the personification of the potency of the Nation. This potency, considered in its *majesty*, in its *supreme force*, they call *sovereignty*.' And he adds that sovereignty implies: first, independence of all other States; second, supreme public dignity, or majesty; third, the completeness of public power as differing from that of the individual;

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 23)

COQUELIN "NAPOLEON"



FIRST GRAVE-DIGGER "JEAN D'ACIER" "MASCARILLE" "CYRANO" "DAME DE MONTSOREAU" "FLAMBEAU"

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—ON THE STAGE AND OFF

By CONSTANT COQUELIN, Actor, Litterateur and Philosopher

CONSTANT COQUELIN

ON SEEING Coquelin out of the theatre, you can hardly believe that he is sixty years old. His face is young; his voice is young; he has a youthful enthusiasm, shown in the swift working of his mind and in the vivacity of his intonations and gestures. It is a perfect actor's face, but, unlike the faces of many comedians, it is not melancholy or serious; on the contrary, it bears a curious resemblance to the features of the traditional comic mask. Nevertheless, Coquelin, the man, impresses you at once by his dignity. His life differs from the lives of most actors in being by no means confined by the theatre. He has an enormous range of interests and great originality; ideas flow from his lips in clear, simple French. His long career of success in the country where the successful actor receives more sincere respect than in any other country in the world, where he constantly meets on equal terms painters, sculptors, writers, and has the friendship of great men in politics and business, has stored his mind with rich experience; so his talk is full of interesting illustration and anecdote.

A DOZEN YEARS AGO, during my first visit in this country, I wrote a paper discussing the actor's art. It was answered by Henry Irving, and was criticised by many actors and writers in America and in England and France. Indeed, my argument that an actor should rely less on inspiration than on science encountered so much opposition and resentment that I was greatly impressed by the fondness on the part of most people for taking a sentimental view of Art. It seemed to distress a good many playgoers that an actor should be able to do his work without putting emotion into it. This prejudice, extending to all the arts, is conspicuously true in the case of the writer. I have been told that the reputation of your English novelist, Anthony Trollope, has been seriously injured by the revelation of his habits of writing made in the autobiography published after his death. Now I do not happen to be familiar with the novels of Trollope; but, since I have heard of his systematic methods, and of the great amount of writing that he did in his life, I have great respect for him. I fear that this statement may shock those people who believe that in literary achievements quantity is inconsistent with good quality, and method not merely opposed to genius, but inseparable from mediocrity.

A PATTERN FOR HUMANKIND

Have you ever happened to study the life of Michael Angelo? If you have not, do so. You will find there a superb illustration of the extraordinary fecundity of genius. Think of the variety of Michael Angelo's achievements! He was a great sculptor, a great painter and decorator; he wrote admirable verse and prose; he was a shrewd politician. His life was full of activity. He was indefatigable. Do you suppose that in the morning when he walked into his studio he allowed himself to dream and to mope? No. The mere contemplation of one of his unfinished statues must have roused in him the desire for conquest. Can't you imagine him, that powerful nature, looking at a piece of work and being suddenly seized with a fierce desire to master the problems it represented? He must have approached all his tasks with splendid energy, planning, changing, destroying, building up again, doing everything with a glorious passion. A genius like his is constantly stimulated with fresh power. The very sources of power that nourish it seem inexhaustible.

The cant that we hear so often about the artist's moods is very amusing, and, it seems to me, very absurd. Capacity for work comes with the practice of work. The machinery of the brain must be forced to start into activity; once started, it will move easily, lightly, pleasantly, doing its accustomed task. Do you realize that some of the most exquisite music known has been composed while the poor writers were suffering? I have in mind now a very well-known and charming French composer. I will not give his name, for reasons plain enough to readers of this paper. While writing one of his operas, his mother died. In spite of this calamity, in spite of the terrible grief that it caused him, he went on working, and, while his mother lay dead, he wrote one of the most graceful, airy, fantastic lyrics he has ever composed, music that is now known as one of his most successful achievements.

THE CONSOLATION OF WORK

Actors are often pitied because they have to perform while some one near and dear may be suffering, or dying, or dead. But that pity is largely misplaced. Naturally, it is hard for an actor to rouse himself from the profound preoccupation of grief or of any great unhappiness, in order to assume another character; but, from this very assumption of another character, comes consolation. I have gone to the theatre when I have been suffering acutely, when I have been in an agony, when it seemed a cruelty to force me to play my part, a wickedness to make me assume a comic character and to try to amuse an audience. But once on the stage, I forget my suffering, in feeling, I become the person I represent. And here, my friends, lies a moral—the moral that in work lies the greatest blessing in life.

Only the other day I was talking with one of the best known of your American authors, and upon touching upon this very subject, I was delighted to find that he agreed with me. Now those good people who imagine that my view is sordid or commonplace, degrading the artist to the level of the mere mechanic, overlook, it seems to me, one very important consideration in the creation of all artistic work: that it is not achieved at the moment when it is taking definite shape. The brain of the artist maintains a constant activity, usually when the artist is himself least aware of it. In the case of Victor Hugo, his three hours of labor in the morning by no means meant that his daily task was finished; his brain was busy during his walks in the streets of Paris or in the country, while he was enjoying the society of his family, while he was watching the stars, while he was meeting his friends at luncheon or dinner, or during his long years of exile, while he was thinking with sadness and regret of his beloved Paris.

HOW GAMBETTA PREPARED A SPEECH

A fascinating study might be made of the unconscious working of the mind in preparation for all kinds of intellectual achievement. An illustration comes to me now from the experience of our distinguished French statesman, Gambetta, whose friendship I had the privilege of enjoying for many years. This friendship I consider the greatest honor and the greatest happiness of my life. One morning, while calling at his house, I was glancing over the papers that littered the big desk in his study. I knew Gambetta so well, and he trusted me so completely, that I had the privilege even of reading some of his private memoranda. On a big sheet of paper I noticed three finely written enigmatic words. "What's this?" I called out to him as he was dressing in the next room. He glanced through the open door, "That's my next speech," he said. "I'm going to deliver it at the National Assembly to-morrow." I looked curiously at the words and pointed to the paper. "Do you mean that this is the only preparation you have made for your speech?" I asked, and he nodded. "That's all I have written," he said. Just then he entered the room and explained carelessly, "I have thought out pretty completely what I have to say. Listen." Then he proceeded to rehearse the speech, treating me, as he often did, as his audience. He liked to practice in this way before certain of his friends. It was superb, magnificent. When he had finished, I said, "But suppose you are called upon to speak in reply to some one else, then all your preparation will be upset." He stoutly maintained that there was no danger of such an emergency. So, largely in the spirit of mischievous curiosity, I went out to Versailles in the morning to see what would happen. Somewhat to my concern, in place of the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Justice, a man of extraordinary power, rose and made a most effective address lasting two hours. During that time I watched Gambetta from my place at some distance behind him. There he sat with his great back bent forward—he had a tremendous back—his face buried in his hands. During those two hours he did not once stir. All his attention was concentrated on the work of the speaker; he was absorbing the words; I actually believe that at the close he could have got up and repeated the speech almost word for word. When the moment came for him to reply, he rose heavily, looking like a great bear, and slowly made his way to the tribune. He dropped his big hands on the tribune before him as if he were going to smash it, and began haltingly, lumberingly. During the first moments I saw that his brain was too crowded, his thoughts were too congested to disengage themselves with ease. He had not kneaded his material. His mind was swiftly working, however, and when at last it had reduced everything to order, he began to speak freely and strongly. Now here is the point that I wish to make: that speech showed that Gambetta had made perfect use of all his preparation; it was the very speech that he had delivered to me in reply to what he had expected the Minister of the Interior to say, mixed with the fresh material offered him by the actual speech of the Minister of Justice, and by his comments on the speech. It was a splendid example of a great man's ability to combine thorough preparation with what people commonly call "inspiration."

HOW COQUELIN CONQUERS DIFFICULTIES

From my own art I could give many similar examples. How many times have I gone to rehearsal in the afternoon, after a morning so occupied with business and social matters that I have not had time to study my rôle. It seems as if I cannot possibly act; but act I must. I step on the stage; I find myself acting as if I thoroughly understood the character, and then I realize that while I have been earnestly discussing this matter and that with my comrades of the theatre or with the friends I have met at supper or at breakfast—yes, even while I have been asleep, my mind has been at work on the character I am assuming. On the other hand, at rehearsal and even during the public performance, I am often distressed by some detail of the characterization that I know I do badly. I leave the theatre miserable. I go home and I work and work, trying to discover where the fault lies. Perhaps it is in the movement of the head, in the droop of the shoulder; then again, it may be in the interpretation of a speech or the inflection given to just one word. I exhaust myself with work, and then I feel that I have accomplished nothing. In despair, I give up the effort and I take a walk in the Bois de Boulogne. I pay some visits; I forget my trouble. In the evening I go back to the theatre and I play my part. When the moment comes for me to say that exasperating speech, or do that baffling piece of business, I discover, to my great delight, that I have solved the problem. Who has not had plenty of similar experiences no matter what his work may be?

THE IMPORTANCE OF SCIENCE

Now, my friends, don't imagine for a moment I think work the whole secret of successful achievement in art. On the contrary, I am a strong believer in natural talent, in what, when it relates to my own art, I like to call "instinct." Instinct can do a great deal for an artist; but it cannot make a perfect artist. Perfection can be reached only by the combination of instinct with science. The other day in Rochester, at a vaudeville performance, I saw a charming actress named Eva Williams. She had instinct; but science was perhaps a little lacking. Science, of course, can be obtained only by study and experience; in other words, by training and by practice. In France, the actor of talent has a great advantage in being able to receive the fine training offered by such an institution as the Conservatoire. The conditions of life in this country seem to make impossible the establishment of an exactly similar institution. On this subject, I have observed, Mr. Richard Mansfield has been making some very interesting comments, and I have been glad to hear of the growth in America of schools of dramatic art. Such schools, if properly directed, instead of cramping individuality, will give to students of talent the freedom and faculty of expression that they must acquire in order to become artists. In fact, the greater freedom the artist acquires, the more effectively will his individual qualities reveal themselves. In acting as in painting, the personal element is of very great importance and charm. The great painters of the world all go to nature for their subjects; but even when they reproduce nature in a way wholly different from our own view, we find in their work something exquisitely delightful.

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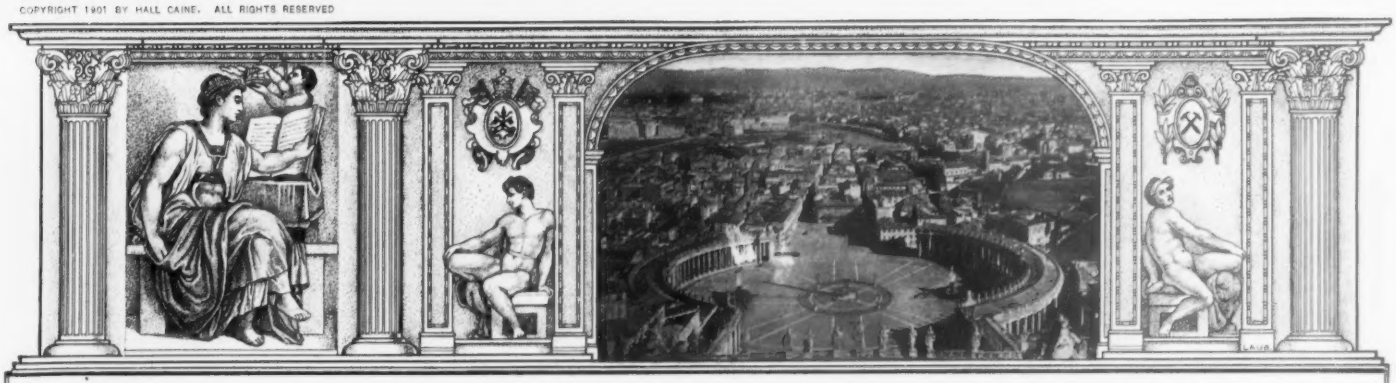


THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE

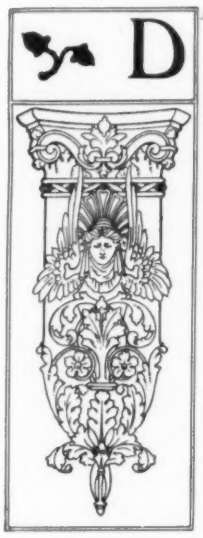
Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome, as David Rossi, the noted anarchist leader. The Prince's daughter, Roma, is residing there also, and scandal connects her name with that of Baron Bonnino, Prime Minister of Italy. An attempt is made to get Rossi enmeshed in a false conspiracy, but he repudiates the agent sent to decoy him. He wins Roma's regard, and she attempts to dissuade Bonnino from continuing the intrigue, at the same time vaguely warning David of his danger. Through a great prelate he receives an offer from the Pope of mutual support against the Italian monarchy. He declines, on the ground that he wishes for the supremacy of neither king nor pontiff, but of humanity. Rossi having spoken in Parliament on the causes of anarchism, his party at a private meeting clamor for the assassination of the Premier. Their spokesman, Malatesta, calls David a coward for protesting against this. In the duel which ensues on the spot, Rossi generously spares his opponent's life.

VII



DAVID ROSSI went home with a heavy heart. The great force which he had called into existence was passing beyond his control. A fierce democracy surging around him was demanding that he should follow where he had expected to lead.

"My God! My God! What can I do with this people?" he asked himself.

But the worst torture he suffered was the secret torture of his own heart.

"Why did I try to save that man's life?" he thought.

The Baron Bonnino had been the enemy of Dr. Roselli, and had sent him to exile and death.

"I hate the man," he thought. The moment he became conscious of this idea he was terrified and began to struggle against it. It was a temptation of the devil and he would put it behind his back.

But everything helped and encouraged it. On reaching home he found the old Garibaldian porter standing by the door.

"One moment, Honorable," he whispered with a mysterious air; and then drawing the Deputy into his lodge at the end of the passage and hiding behind the muslin curtains, he pointed to a young man who was going leisurely down the street.

"Look there, sir! There he is!"

"Who is it?"

"A detective, of course. He has been dogging your steps for days. Old Vampire is after you. Take care! Better an ounce of liberty than a pound of gold, you know."

Conviction had taken hold of Rossi, but he reproved the old soldier. A detective—yes! Set on perhaps by the Chief of Police. Such men spent their lives in seeking for crime. They couldn't help it. It was the natural deformity of the police mind, that few men were innocent for them and none were above suspicion. But the statesman . . . no, it was impossible, he wouldn't believe it.

That night old John came for his weekly pension, and after he had received it he lingered a moment like a man who wished to say something. At length in a husky voice he whispered:

"Darkness with darkness keeps dark, Excellency—can you keep a secret?"

His grandson was in the new secret service and had been told to keep watch on somebody. He watched him every day, and every night he reported to the Minister of the Interior himself.

"Better be a wood-bird than a cage-bird, Excellency," the old man whispered, "and may the blessed Saints preserve you!"

Rossi understood at length the reference in the House of Deputies to his intercourse with the Vatican—he had been followed to the Jesuit College. The Baron Bonnino was his own enemy as well as the enemy of Dr. Roselli, and he was using the lowest methods of the law to compromise and catch him.

"Why did I try to save the man's life?" he asked himself again.

Bruno came home with a mysterious story. The Prime Minister had that day visited Trinità dei Monti in the absence of Donna Roma, and Bruno had overheard the conversation with Felice.

"'Felice,' says old Vampire, 'you've never had reason to regret that I deprived myself of your invaluable services and gave the benefit of them to your mistress?' 'Never, Excellency,' says the 'Cardinal.' 'You are quite content to receive two salaries instead of one?' 'Quite, Excellency.' 'Then tell me what has happened here since I heard from you last.'"

Rossi reproved Bruno for eavesdropping, but his blood was boiling. The Baron Bonnino was Roma's enemy as well as her father's; he was using her as a weapon against himself, and Heaven alone knew what degradation she was suffering at the man's hand.

"Why did I try to save his contemptible life?" he thought again and again.

Next morning a colleague in Parliament called upon him. He was a big, bluff, hearty creature—a doctor.

"This won't do at all," he said. "You're as white as a ghost and as nervous as a cat, and old Francesca says you haven't eaten anything worth talking of for a week. Remember what the Romans say, 'City in hunger, citadel taken.' Not hungry? Of course you're not—that's just the mischief. Look here, old fellow, you'll have to go out of town. You will! By the Holy Saints you will! Good men are scarce, and you know what we say in Piedmont—'At the end of the game the king goes into the sack as well as the footman.' But your game is not over yet, and what do you say to a week at Porto d'Anzio? . . . When? Now—to-day—first train down!"

David Rossi saw through the artifice instantly. His colleagues were trying to get him out of the way. They intended to carry out their threat in spite of all his protests. In open Parliament, at the moment when the Minister was trampling on the constitutional rights of the people, they meant to shoot him down. And why shouldn't they? The man was putting himself beyond the reach of human law. Very well, send him to the bar of divine justice! It would be justifiable homicide!

And David Rossi? David Rossi had only to stand aside and let things take their course. When the blow was struck he would be far away, and no one would be able to assert that he had aided or abetted it. Nay, it could even be proved that he had protested against the proposal, and stood to be shot at in order to uphold his protest. "But this is the devil finding a way out for my conscience," he thought, and then he said aloud:

"No, I will not leave Rome at present. I have my duty as a Deputy and I must be in Parliament the day after to-morrow."

The day Editor came from the office of the "Sunrise" with a letter from its proprietors. They were surprised at his curt refusal to meet them on the confiscation of the issue of two days ago, and after earnest consideration of the situation they had concluded that his duties as Deputy and his responsibilities as Editor were liable to conflict, and therefore they suggested that he should resign his seat in Parliament.

"Another temptation of the devil," he thought, and he sat down instantly to resign his position as editor. "I shall be ready to relinquish my chair as soon as my successor has been appointed," he wrote, and the assistant carried off his letter with many smirks and smiles.

His mind was confused with conflicting impulses, and he could not settle to his work. So he sent upstairs for little Joseph and spent a great part of the day playing with the boy on the floor. Joseph was *portiere* as usual, clad in the gorgeous finery of his father's biggest hat and his jacket turned inside out. And when David Rossi came on hands and knees and inquired in the way of a dog for Donna Roma's poodle, the great person who presided over the *portone* drove him away with his mace, and he went off barking.

"Holy Virgin! Who would believe he had a newspaper and a Parliament on his head!" said old Francesca, and she laughed until she cried.

Night fell and he was no further advanced than at the beginning of the day. He helped Elena to put little Joseph to bed, and then returned to his room to walk and to think. What was he to do? Stand aside and let the Minister meet with the death he deserved? Or go to the authorities and warn them that a crime was to be committed? To these questions he could find no answer.

On the one side were the rights and liberties of the people, the memory of Dr. Roselli's wrongs, the thought of himself, and, above all, of Roma. On the other side was conscience—strong, grim, and inexorable!

The great fact of all was his own hatred of the Minister, and his interest in the man's death. Baron Bonnino was the worst enemy he had in the world. Rightly considered, he was the true and only obstacle between Roma and himself, the dark cloud of danger which made their union impossible.

"If he were dead, we might live," he thought. But that was precisely why the man must not die. If he consented to the Minister's death, if he stood by and permitted it, he would know that every hour of his future life would be racked by the memory of how he had allowed his private interest to betray his public conscience.

But must he betray his colleagues instead? They were his friends, his confederates, he had created the cause they were trying to uphold, and must he send them to prison because they had passed beyond his control?

He slept little that night, and awoke next morning with no clearer view of the situation. Weak, helpless, broken-spirited and very humble, he turned to thoughts of God. He would seek help from above.

Since his days with Dr. Roselli in London he had not been in the habit of going to church, but he would go to church to-day. Surely the Church, the old Mother Church, which had seen so many sorrows, would have some answer for a perplexed and tortured mind.

He walked down the bank of the Tiber, crossed the bridge and came to the great square in front of St. Peter's. It was very quiet and almost empty. The fountains were playing in the early morning sunlight, the clock in the cupola was chiming, and a Swiss Guard, in his party-colored uniform, was walking to and fro with a bayonet on his shoulder, before the bronze gate to the Vatican. A cul-de-sac, cut off from the stream of life and the world, leading to nothing but itself, and echoing only to the spurred foot of the armed sentinel, such was the way to the great monument of the Church and to the home of its anointed head.

"My God! My God! What am I to do with this people?" thought Rossi, and in a spirit of reverent submission he entered the basilica.

The great church presented its usual morning aspect—the marble floor, the glistening walls, the gilded roof, the scarlet hangings and the window of the dove over the altar in the apse glowing in the sunshine with the light of an amber eye.

In the Chapel of the Chorus, before a few onlookers and a few worshippers on their knees, the canons of the Cathedral were chanting their office in weary and monotonous voices. When it was over they gathered up their books and went off briskly, like workmen relieved at the dinner hour, and chatting cheerfully as they passed into the sacristy.

The Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament was closed, but outside its iron gates a large group of countrymen were kneeling with their tired faces toward the altar. One of their number was reading a prayer and the others were repeating the responses. They were pilgrims, and they had come for the indulgences of the Holy Year.

Before the black statue of St. Peter another group of pilgrims, miserably clad, were passing one by one, each of them in turn putting his lips and forehead to the worn and polished foot. Their poor cheeks were thin and pinched, their eyes were dull and lifeless, but their devotion was deep and true.

A third group of pilgrims, better dressed than the others, the men chiefly in sheepskins, the women in black lace shawls, were kneeling about the tomb of the Apostle. They were peasants from a distant province, and they were being led by a priest, who was also a peasant, from church to church and from relic to relic, that they too might win some period of exemption from the pains of the purgatory that was waiting for all.

The arch-priest of the Cathedral passed across the nave to the sacristy. He was Secretary of State to the Pope, and wore the flowing scarlet robes of a Cardinal, and had a Monsignor walking behind him. The poor pilgrims in their miserable clothes, with their tired and expressionless faces, crowded about him and kissed his ring. He allowed them to do so, but he looked at few of them and spoke to none.

"My God! My God! What am I to do with this people?"

The Church was giving no answer to the cry that was ringing in Rossi's heart. Devotion, sincerity, fervor—all these were there! But the message of the Church to the human soul—what was it? Fear!

Fear of God! Fear of Christ! Fear of the hereafter!

Fear of the unknown!

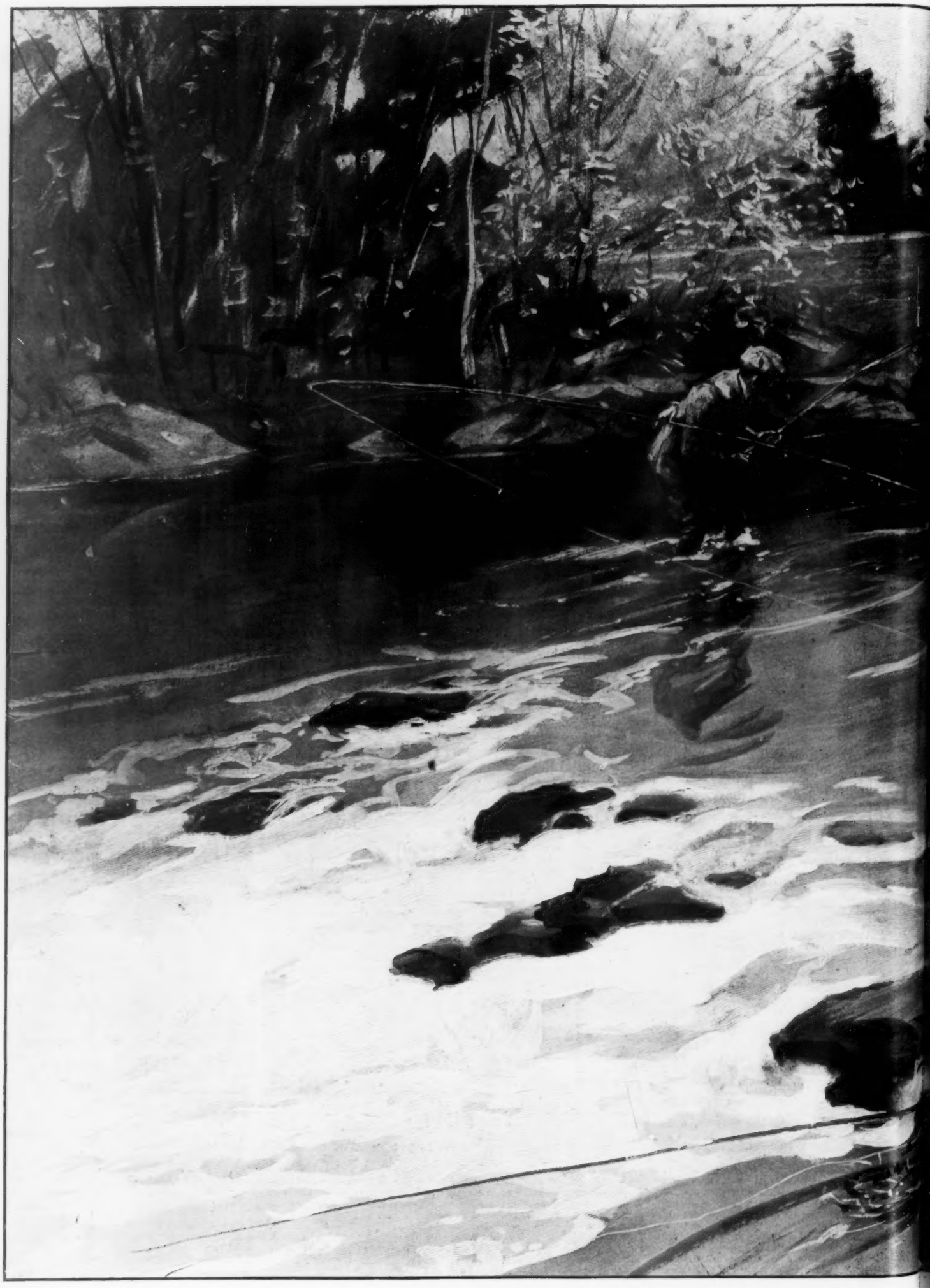
That was the beginning and end of the message of the Catholic Church to the human soul, as Rossi saw it at that moment, and Fear had no answer to a heart that was craving for courage and strength.

David Rossi returned home and called for the boy again. They fed the squirrels on the roof, and, going into the great cage of the birds, the canaries lighted on them one after one, until they looked as if they were playing in an apple orchard and had shaken the blossoms over their heads.

But when the day had closed in and Rossi had seen little Joseph to bed, and written his article for next morning's paper, the same irresolution returned.

He went out to walk in the darkness of the streets. Had this old city, which had witnessed so many struggles, no answer for him anywhere?

Going up to the Roman Forum, he walked along the broken parapets until he came under the sere old mass of the Coliseum. The amphitheatre was empty and silent. Not a sound



THE OPENING OF THE TR

DRAWN BY W. T. S

THE TROUT-FISHING SEASON

WN BY W. T. SMEDLEY

of bird or beast or man among the vast and awful ruins. Only the faint rattle of wheels in the streets behind, the thin tinkle of the electric trams, and the other noises of far-off life. Dark, desolate, long dead, like an inverted skull with its toothless jaws and its eyeless sockets, like the moon seen through a telescope, charred and lifeless like a crater whose fire is spent—such was the great monument of the old Pagan mother!

Fear was not the religion of man in her day! Men were not afraid to die then! This old amphitheatre had once heard the trumpets of the grand entry of the Emperors, and rang with the shouts of the Imperial people and witnessed the intoxication of ferocious love when Roman ladies turned down their inflexible thumbs on the fallen and lost.

But what was the message of the Pagan world to the human soul? Death! Only Death!

Wait! Had this old monument of the dead centuries no memories but those of Bloody gladiatorial spectacles?

David Rossi began to think of the martyrs who had died on that spot, and straightway the empty Coliseum began to be filled with a fearful audience of ghosts. What a power in martyrdom! Roman Emperors, Roman ladies, Imperial people—what were they now? Only dust and ashes. But the martyrs were alive! The golden house of Nero was gone, but that old cross of wood on which the Saviour stretched His arms and died was governing the world still! To die, not for your friends only, but for your enemies also, that was the great secret! And Life—Life by martyrdom—that was the message of Christ!

As Rossi thought of this a voice, at first very faint, seemed to speak within him, and he saw, in an instant, as by a flash of light, what he ought to do in the House of Deputies the following day. He could see himself doing it, and the hair of his head stood up.

VIII

BEFORE going to bed that night Rossi replied to Roma.

"MY DEAREST—Bruno will take this letter, and I will charge him on his soul to deliver it safely into your hands. When you have read it you will destroy it immediately, both for your sake and my own.

"From this moment onward I throw away all disguises. The duplicities of love are sweet and touching, but I cannot play hide-and-seek with you any longer.

"You are right—it is you that I love, and, little as I understand and deserve it, I see now that you love me with all your soul and strength. I cannot keep my pen from writing it, and yet it is madness to do so, for the obstacles to our union are just as decisive and insurmountable as before.

"It is not only my unflinching devotion to public work that separates us, though that is a serious impediment; it is not only the inequality of our birth and social conditions, though that is an honest difficulty. The barrier between us is not merely a barrier made by man; it is a barrier made by God—it is death.

"Think what that would be in the most ordinary case of death by disease. A man is doomed to death by cancer or consumption, and even while he is engaged in the desperate struggle with the mightiest and most relentless conqueror love comes to him with its dreams of life and happiness. What then? Every hour of joy is poisoned for him henceforth by visions of the end that is so near; in every embrace he feels the arms of death about him, and in every kiss the chill breath of the tomb.

"Terrible tragedy! Yet not without relief. Nature is kind. Her miracles are never-ending. Hope lives to the last. The balm of God's healing hand may come down from heaven and make all things well. Not so the death I speak of. It is pitiless and inevitable, without hope or dream.

"Remember what I told you in this room on the night you came here first. Had you forgotten it? Your father, charged with an attempt at regicide, as part of a plan of insurrection, was deported without trial, and I, who shared his views in those days, and had written them in letters that were violated, being outside the jurisdiction of the courts, was tried in contumacy and condemned to death.

"I am back in Italy for all that, with other aims and other opinions, under another name, my mother's name—which is my name, too, thanks to the merciless marriage laws of my country. But I have never deceived myself for a moment. The same doom hangs over me still, and though the court which condemned me was a military court and its sentence would be modified by a Court of Assize, I see no difference between death in a moment on the gallows and in five, ten, twenty years in a cell.

"What am I to do? I love you, you love me. Shall I, like the poor consumptive, to whom gleams of happiness have come too late, conceal everything and go on and on, deluding myself with hopes, indulging myself with dreams? It would be unpardonable, it would be cruel, it would be wrong and wicked.

"No, it is impossible. You cannot but be aware that my life or liberty are in serious jeopardy, and that my place in Parliament and in public life is in constant and hourly peril. Every letter that you have written to me shows plainly that you know it. And when you say your heart's blood runs cold at the thought of what may happen when Minghetti returns from England, you betray the weakness, the natural weakness, the tender and womanly weakness which justifies me in saying that as long as we love each other you and I should never meet again.

"Don't think that I am a coward and tremble at the death that hangs over me. I neither fear the future nor regret the past. In every true cause some one is called to martyrdom. It is necessary, it is certain, it is glorious. To die for the right, for humanity, to lay down all you hold most dear for the sake of the poor and the weak and the downtrodden and God's holy justice—it is a magnificent duty, a privilege! And I am ready. If my death is enough, let me give the last drop of my blood, and be dragged through the last degrees of infamy. Only don't let me drag another after me, and endanger a life that is a thousand, thousand, thousand times dearer to me than my own.

"What am I? I am a man under God's hand from his cradle upward, and I do not complain, for whom God's hand rests on has God at his right hand. He wished me to give myself, He called me with a baptism as of fire to my work, and to help me to do it He took away from me family and kindred and friends and home. Shall love come at the last and hold me back?

"It would do that and more—far more. I want you, dearest, I want you with my soul, but my doom is certain; it waits for me somewhere, it may be here, it may be there, it may meet me at any corner, *it may come to me to-morrow*, or next day, or next year, but it is coming, I know it, I feel it, I am sure of it, and I will not fly away. But if I go on until my beloved is my bride and my bride my wife, and my name is stamped all over her, and she has taken up my fate, and we are one, and the world knows no difference, what then? Then death with its sure step will come in to separate us, and after death for me, danger for you, shame for you, poverty for you, all the penalties a woman pays for her devotion to a man who is down and done.

"I couldn't bear it. The very thought of it would unman me. It would turn heaven into hell. It would disturb the repose of the grave itself.

"Isn't it hard enough to do what is before me without tormenting myself with thoughts like that? It is true I have had my dreams like other men—dreams of the woman whom Heaven might give a man for his support—the anchor to which his soul might hold in storm and tempest and the very hour of death itself. But what woman is equal to a lot like that? Martyrdom is for man. God keep all women safe from it!

"Have I said sufficient? If this letter gives you half the pain on reading it that I have felt in writing it, you will be satisfied at last that the obstacles to our union are permanent and insuperable. The time had come when I was forced to tell you the secrets which I had never before revealed to any human soul. *They are in your keeping, and it is enough.*

"I do not send you the cards for the camera, because for reasons of my own I could wish you not to come—not to-morrow at all events.

"Heaven be over you! And when you are reconciled to

ROMA DISTINCTLY SAW, AMID THE SWAYING OF ARMS AND THE SHAKING OF FISTS, THE GLINT OF REVOLVERS

our separation, and both of us are strong, remember that if you want me I will come, and that as long as I live, as long as I am at liberty, I shall be always ready, always waiting, always near. God bless you, my dear one! Adieu!—DAVID ROSSI."

IX

LONG before ten o'clock next morning, the little streets around the House of Parliament were blocked by excited crowds. The Piazza in front of the palace was kept open by a cordon of soldiers, and lines of carabineers were posted down to the principal thoroughfares to make passages for the Deputies.

Inside the House, the excitement was yet more intense. As early as half-past nine members had begun to gather in the corridors. The little company of fifty men who constituted the Extreme Left were walking, most of them bareheaded, in the courtyard out of the principal lobby. David Rossi was not yet among them, and they were looking alternately at their watches and at the door leading from the entrance hall. At two minutes to ten their leader was still absent, and they were beginning to glance into each other's faces with looks of relief and hope.

"He'll not come now," said one. "Thank God!" said another, and they turned to go to their places.

Meantime the larger party that followed the Government had been gathering in agitated groups, and talking in bated breath. Everybody knew that something unusual was about to happen. Rumor said there was to be a riot in the Chamber, a repetition of the disgraceful scene of a former session, when a leader of the House was flung on the ground and trodden upon. One of the Ministers passed through the lobby, and he was surrounded by reporters, and besieged with questions.

"Well, we shall see," he answered, and so passed into the House.

The talk was, that the Prime Minister, who had eyes everywhere and knew everything, had found out something. As a result he had gone up to the Quirinal early this morning, and held counsel with the King. Then, coming down to the House, he had sent for the President, and communicated some command of His Majesty. After that he had sent for the Minister of War, and immediately afterward two companies of military had been called up. They were in the House now.

When the clock struck ten, the Ministerial party trooped into the Chamber, and in a moment the corridors were empty.

The Baron Bonnino was then in the President's room at the top of the great staircase. He was perfectly calm and self-possessed, and wore the usual flower in his buttonhole. The Questore (the Sergeant of the House) had come to say the President was about to take his seat, when one of the ushers, with the tri-colored badge, brought in a card on which a message was written.

"Bring the lady up at once," said the Baron.

The lady was Roma, and the Baron met her at the door.

"This is like old times," he said. "But why are you here to-day, my child?"

"Why not to-day?" she asked.

"Because . . . to tell you the truth, there may be trouble. Your friend, Pontifex Maximus, of the Piazza Navona, is accredited with a desire to create a disturbance. In any case, the sitting may be disagreeable, and I advise you to go home."

"But you excite my interest beyond expression, and I would not go home for worlds," said Roma.

"As you please," said the Baron, leading the way to the entrance to the gallery, and chatting on other subjects. There was an important matter which they had never yet cleared up. When should he call?

"I have a reception to-morrow afternoon to show my fountain and studies and so forth," said Roma.

"I will be there," said the Baron, and he kissed her hand and left her.

The door in the gallery had closed, and the Minister had turned to go into the House when he came face to face with David Rossi, who was hurrying to his seat. By a sudden impulse he stopped and spoke to him.

"Mr. Rossi," he said, in his quiet, incisive accents, "if you will take the advice of an adversary, you will be careful about what you do to-day. Permit me to tell you that you are on the edge of a precipice; and if you have no regard for your own life and liberty, you ought at least to respect the dignity of this Chamber in the eyes of Europe."

The two men were alone in the lobby, and the Minister waited a moment for a reply, but David Rossi only bowed and passed on.

Through her white kid glove the kiss of the Baron's lips was still stinging on Roma's hand, and she was blushing with shame at a certain sense of her own insincerity when the usher in attendance showed her into the Court Tribunal. The little Princess was there already, with Don Camillo and a foreign acquaintance. All the galleries were crowded, and nearly every seat below was occupied. The sun was shining through the cupola and the heat was already very great.

Full as the House was, there was a strange silence. Only a restless turning to the clock under the reporters' gallery, and the swish of the large leaves of a square pamphlet which lay on every stall, headed "House of Deputies. Project of Law presented by the Minister of the Interior (Bonnino) together with the Minister of War (Morra) for the better security of the public."

Don Camillo was pointing out the Deputies to his foreign friend.

"Those are the Ministers on the bench under the President's chair—'the bench of the accused' the Radicals call it. Solemn-looking? Yes, solemn as owls. When a man becomes a Minister his laughing days are over. The Prime Minister? Not in yet. Ah, there he is! That's Bonnino coming in now. Firm face you say? Means mischief this morning it seems to me."

"Will you lend me your opera-glass, Gee-Gee?" said Roma.

David Rossi had also entered the House, and Roma scanned his face closely.

It was ashen pale.

"I will make him look up," thought Roma, and she gazed steadfastly down at him. Presently his eyes rose to the Court Tribune for a moment. She knew that he saw her, for his lips twitched, and the fingers that played with his watch-chain trembled. She was in a fever of excitement.

At five minutes after ten the President entered the House, followed by his secretaries. He took his seat in silence, and in silence he rang his bell.

"The sitting has begun," he said.

The *Verbale* of the day was read in a loud, clear voice, but nobody heard it, because nobody listened.

The minutes having been read and approved, the Prime Minister rose to move the first reading of his Bill for the Better Security of the Public, and then the silence was as the silence of a glacier. Beating every word with his fist on the table, he said the conditions were urgent and therefore it was the will of the King and the desire of the Government that the vote should be taken without debate.

Immediately two or three members rose on the Left and cried, "I ask permission to speak." But the President, pretending not to hear or see them, rang his bell and put the question.

"I ask to speak," cried a dozen shrill voices from the Left, but at the same moment a hundred voices on the Right shouted "Vote!"

"Those who are in favor say 'Aye,'" said the President.

"Aye!" shouted two hundred and fifty voices at once.

"I ask to speak!" cried another hysterical voice on the Left.

"Those who are against say 'No,'" said the President.

"I ask to speak! I ask to speak!"

"I think the 'Ayes' have it, the 'Ayes' have it," said the President, and then there was a terrific clamor. The Left got up in a body and shouted their protests at the President.

"It's illegal!" "It's null and void!" "Its against the statute!"

The Prime Minister rose again, and straightway he became the target for a volley of insults. "Traitor! Scoundrel! *Accidenti!* A fit take you!"

In the midst of this uproar, from her place in the tribune, Roma distinctly saw, amid the swaying of arms and the shaking of fists, the glint of revolvers. Under cover of the commotion two men on the Left had drawn their weapons and were preparing to fire.

Roma found herself on her feet, trying to cry out but unable to do so, when suddenly something else had happened. David Rossi had stepped out of his place and was standing directly between the Baron and the men with the revolvers.

Roma screamed and felt herself falling forward. Then the uproar seemed to fade away, her eyes became dazed, darkness and silence seemed to come in one stride over the palpitating light and deafening noise, she heard her own name spoken above her, and then all was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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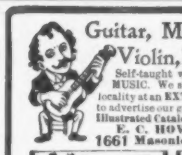

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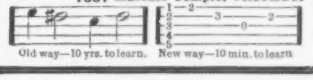

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Complexion Powder
removes all blemishes, protects, preserves and imparts to the skin that rose-like color and softness; contains no injurious substance whatever, so common in imitations.
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Largest Nursery. Fruit Book Free. Result of 76 years' experience.
STARK BROS. Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

OPEN-AIR FOR WOMEN

When women everywhere get rid of the idea that time spent in open-air recreation is time wasted we shall see a finer race of human beings. The girls of the period have gone a long way in acceptance of this healthful belief in fresh air and exercise. American girls have ever been admired for beauty and charm, but hitherto our young women as a whole have lacked staying power. They have had vivacity, *esprit* and grace, but they have tired too soon and faded too early. A woman should not begin to go off at thirty; she should, with proper attention to diet, sleep and systematic life in the open, be far lovelier then than at twenty and little older in appearance. Considering woman as an individual, there is no reason why she should be inferior to man in vigor nor less able than he to take on herself the burdens of life. Certainly she may fence, swim, go yachting, and generally "seek red blood in the open."

Englishwomen can no longer carry off the palm from their American cousins for enjoyment of outdoor exercise in all weathers, and for ability to take long walks and rides. Their only remaining advantage lies in the fact that we have ever here inherited a handicap in the troublesome Puritan conscience which makes us self-condemnatory whenever we are having a good time, and inclines us to be suspicious of our own rectitude when we are devoting daylight to honest play.

SWIMMING

The signs are that swimming will be a popular diversion among young women in the coming season. Many of them have been taking lessons in the art all winter, under teachers who have had swimming classes in the tanks attached to gymnasiums. The exercise is simply splendid for developing the breathing apparatus and broadening the chest, and though fresh-water swimming is sometimes exhausting, there is nothing but pleasure to be had from disporting one's self in salt waves, and a woman rises from her sea-bath like Aphrodite from the foam. Reckless swimming is unwise, but usually there are those at hand on the beach and in the surf who counsel moderation; and, also, there are safeguards for the unwary. The woman who can float at pleasure and swim for a moderately long distance will not fear a sudden tip overboard if her yacht prove treacherous. And every woman should swim well enough to be at home in the surf.

SAILING

Many women own their boats and are expert in managing the tiny craft, which glide like swans over a smooth surface or fly like eagles over a rough one, on inland bay or silvery river. Dressed in trim, closely fitting garments, with a cap which will not loosen or flap in the wind, with a slim, straight figure, a keen bright eye and cheeks red as the rose's heart, the yachting girl is a figure to remember and to love. A woman never looks so thoroughbred and so independent as on a boat, unless perhaps when mounted on the back of a good horse, a trotter or a pacer. There is, indeed, something akin in the motion of a yacht, with sails puffed by a brisk breeze, and that of a horse rushing onward with even tread, with smooth speed, and complete sympathy with his rider. A good canter before breakfast or a sail before dinner is calculated to enhance a girl's looks in the matter of comeliness, as well as to add notably to her stock of health.

HAND AND BASKET BALL

Never, let us hope, will our young women be persuaded to indulge in the hoydenish scrimmage, unmaidenly and rough, which football would prove in their case. Even basket-ball, which is popular in most of the colleges, is a trifle rough, what with the pouncing and snatching and swooping and rushing which it demands. Yet when girls are clothed in gymnasium suits, with nothing to interfere with their freedom of breathing, they may, if they will, play basket-ball, and the exercise will prove stimulating. Handball, which requires quickness, dexterity and strength, the unerring eye, the deft hand and the concentration of the mind, has nothing which can awaken a prejudice; it is a charming feminine game.

TENNIS

Should tennis recover something of its lost favor again few of us would be sorry. It is especially an outdoor amusement, and especially adapted for graceful girls, who look well when in constant and rapid motion. Less serene than golf, which may be played more at one's leisure, the only objection to tennis is that it demands continuous exertion while it is in progress. But who cares for this, when her competitors are keen players, and the court is as it should be, and the day is fine, and she is in the sweetest morning of her years, when she is young and well? Nobody who is not well should attempt tennis. It is too strenuous a game for a weak heart and uncertain lungs. When most of us spend the hours we ought out-of-doors, weak hearts will become exceptional.

SYSTEMATIC RECREATION

Don't fancy you are doing your duty to your muscles or your health in general if you exercise out of doors one day and stay in the house three days. An hour every morning, without regard to the weather, is better than half a day out in the fields or the garden once a week. And while we are on the subject, gardening is itself an occupation which profitably takes women out of indoor life, gives them an absorbing interest and much variety of exercise. The back, the arms, the legs, all come into play when a woman sows her seeds, weeds her flower-beds, transplants, prunes, waters, snips off dead leaves, and puts herself into touch with Nature, in the numerous avenues which open to her, as she works in her garden. Never are roses quite equal to those we ourselves cultivate, nor geraniums so wonderful, nor pansies so subtle in awakening thought.

BICYCLING FOR WOMEN

The wheel, with its many possibilities as a means of healthful exercise for women, is somewhat out of favor in our cities because of the greater or less real peril which attaches to wheeling in streets crowded with vehicles of every description, including automobiles and cable cars. In the country the case is different. On smooth roads, where there are not too many hills, and in villages, which enjoy immunity from the thronged life of the towns, women find bicycling very agreeable. For swiftness of motion, for independence, such as a woman does not enjoy with her pony, for graceful and healthful exercise, the wheel is unsurpassed.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

Every American woman who has children around her should, if possible, take a course of lessons under a competent instructor on first aid to the injured.

Where classes are impracticable a woman may learn at home all that she needs to know by studying a bit of a book by H. Drinkwater, published by the Macmillan Company. This manual successively treats of wounds, fractures, dislocations, sprains, injuries to the eye, poisoning, unconsciousness, and kindred themes. In plain language, shorn of needless technicalities, it tells what should be done at once when a person has been bruised, or broken, or crushed; when by mistake some noxious thing has been taken into the stomach—when, in fact, any one of a number of untoward things has happened to puncture or endanger that delicate machine, the human body.

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It is the natural skin food, removing pimples, tan freckles, sunburn, blackheads and skin eruptions. Highly endorsed.
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Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water. Dinner Sets, Bicycles, Watches, and other Valuable Premiums given with order for Cookers. Send for illus. catalogue. We pay express. Agents Wanted.
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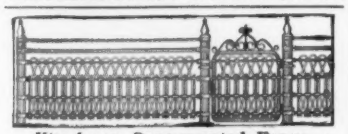

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Diagrams and illustrations illumine the text, and though the book is not quite a hundred pages in length, it contains, boiled down and pithily condensed, the salient features of many more ambitious volumes.

Young people of both sexes like, in these days of athletic sport, to be armed at every possible point and prepared for every contingency. The college girl who has hardened her muscles and enlarged her breathing capacity by much exercise in the gymnasium, on the lake where she rows daily, or in the fields and on the road, is physically strong and has great endurance. She disdains those feminine tremors which were once regarded as interesting, and would be ashamed to be afraid of any creature that flies or creeps. Not hers the ridiculous outcry at a mouse, a beetle or a June bug. But she cannot be fully prepared for a journey or for a season in the country unless she has learned how to put on a bandage, how to help in restoring an apparently drowned person, and, in brief, how to be a serviceable assistant in case of a catastrophe. So the subject of first aid to the injured appeals to her. There may be a runaway, the pony may stumble on the stony hillside, the family horse may suddenly balk and back the phaeton into a ditch, the sailboat may upset in a gale—any unlooked-for thing may occur, and it is the part of the young woman to be ready. She may with propriety understand how to make an impromptu stretcher, and how it should be carried so that there is the least jarring of the occupant. She may acquire this knowledge and never need to use it, or the occasion may come to-morrow. In any event, it is a good plan to have it tucked away in her brain and ready at her fingers' ends.

GHOSTS OF DINNERS PAST

IN THE home of the indifferent manager the memories are ever present of a various cuisine. Vegetable fragrances of pronounced flavor linger on the stairs and float from the draperies. Aromas of boiling, broiling, frying, basting, and every other culinary process have taken possession of the house. Despite lavish expenditure and magnificent decoration, some houses bear a stamp of vulgarity and are hopelessly inferior, because they are haunted by the ghosts of vanished dinners. A kitchen at the top of the house is very desirable for the reason that it allows the swift elimination of cooking odors, but most houses have the kitchen at the bottom, and the odors inevitably ascend. When the mistress of the home is resolute, she can overcome the difficulty, but to do so requires incessant vigilance. Ideally delightful is co-operative housekeeping in which a number of congenial families combine, having their cooking and laundry work carried on, independent of the living-rooms, at a central plant. We are primitive in our attempts to make the housekeeping of each home group a thing apart. Economy, good taste and good cheer would be served by such a departure as will come to pass during the new century. Our colleges might suggest to their undergraduates experiments to this end, so that later the daughters may improve on what the mothers have found problems difficult of solution.

Good management is only partially innate. The product of discipline, it may be an acquisition, if a woman resolve to possess it, to be notable as well as popular.

FOOD

CHEW FOOD.

Chewing Preserves the Teeth and Helps Digestion.

The finest specimens of teeth are seen in animals and human beings who chew the food thoroughly.

Dentists agree that teeth must be used to properly preserve them and therefore they urge people to chew their food thoroughly, but the nervous, hurried manner of eating is altogether too common among people and when fed on soft mushes they are liable to swallow the food without chewing.

Dyspepsia and bad teeth are the result if this practice is continued. True one can eat soft food without detriment if the necessity of chewing is remembered. Grape-Nuts food is so crisp and brittle and withal so pleasant to the taste that the user can not forget to chew and thus the teeth get the necessary use and the glands of the gums are made to give the juices that Nature intends shall be mixed with the food before it enters the stomach. A New York doctor says many New Yorkers put a little sugar on oatmeal and then cover with Grape-Nuts, and this method compels the chewing necessary to digest the oatmeal.

Grape-Nuts food is pre-digested and also helps in digestion of other food. The doctor's plan might do for a variety, but Grape-Nuts and cream alone are considered ideal by hundreds of thousands of brainy people.

There are other reasons why those who eat Grape-Nuts look nourished and well fed. The food is made of parts of the field grains which Nature makes use of in rebuilding brain and nerve centers. Proof will follow use.

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Sewing Machine Dealers who will order three or more machines at one time will be supplied with the same machine, under another name, and with our name entirely removed, *but the price will be the same, viz.,* $11.25, even in hundred lots. ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY. Such an offer was never known before.

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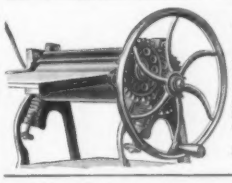

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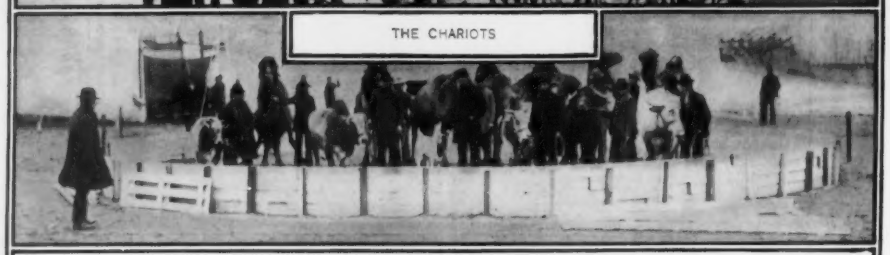
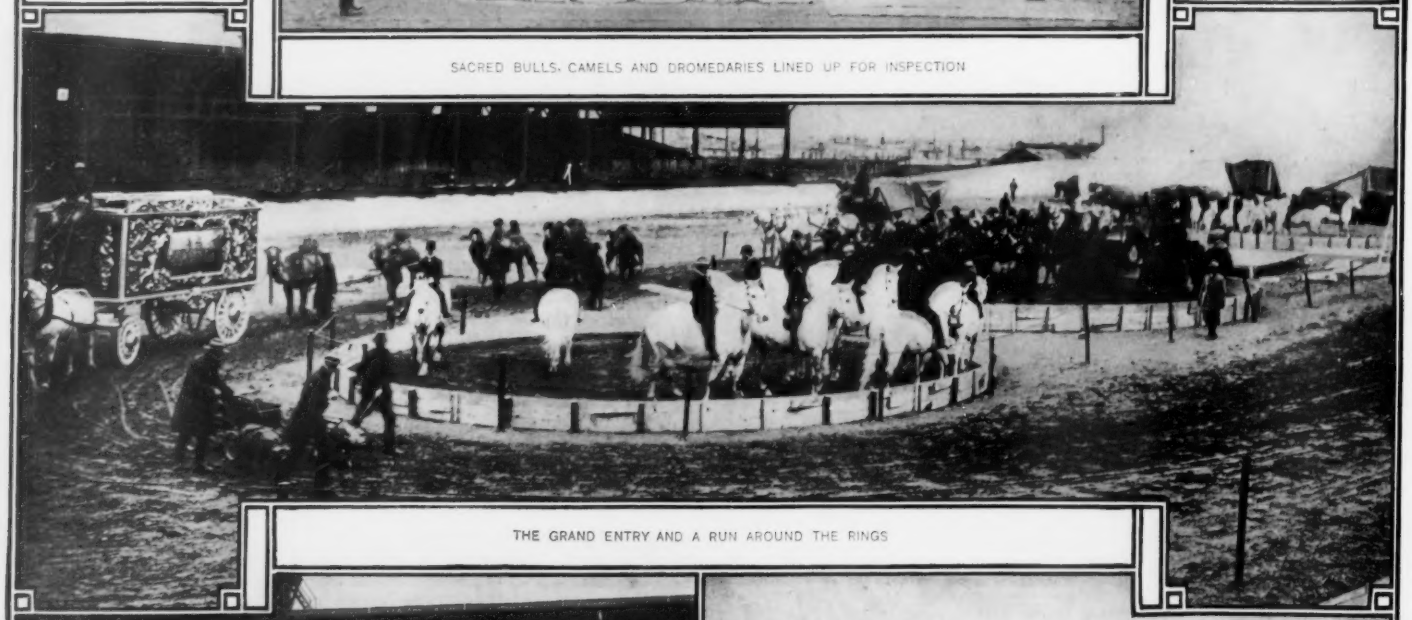
A MORNING DRINK

THE CHARIOTS

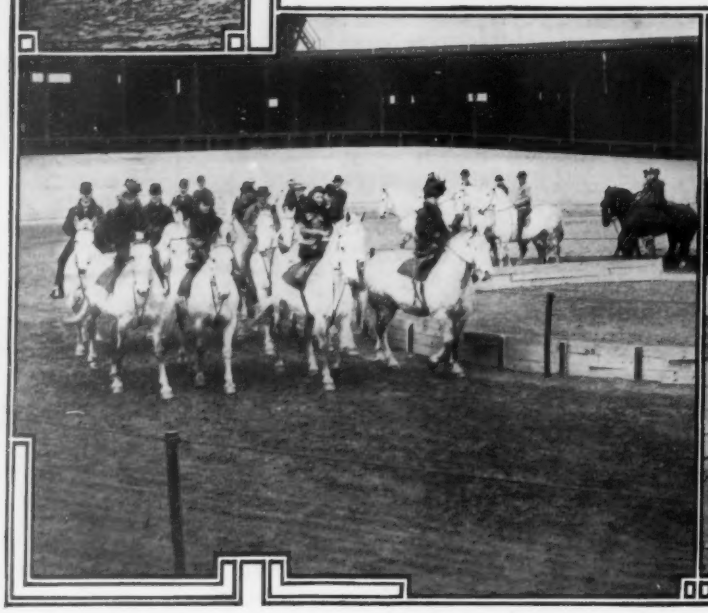


SACRED BULLS, CAMELS AND DROMEDARIES LINED UP FOR INSPECTION

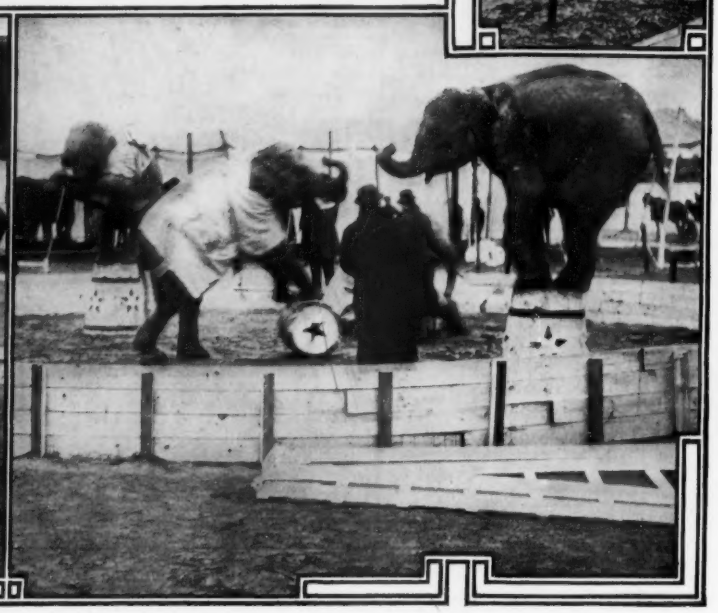
AN AFRICAN ACROBAT



THE GRAND ENTRY AND A RUN AROUND THE RINGS



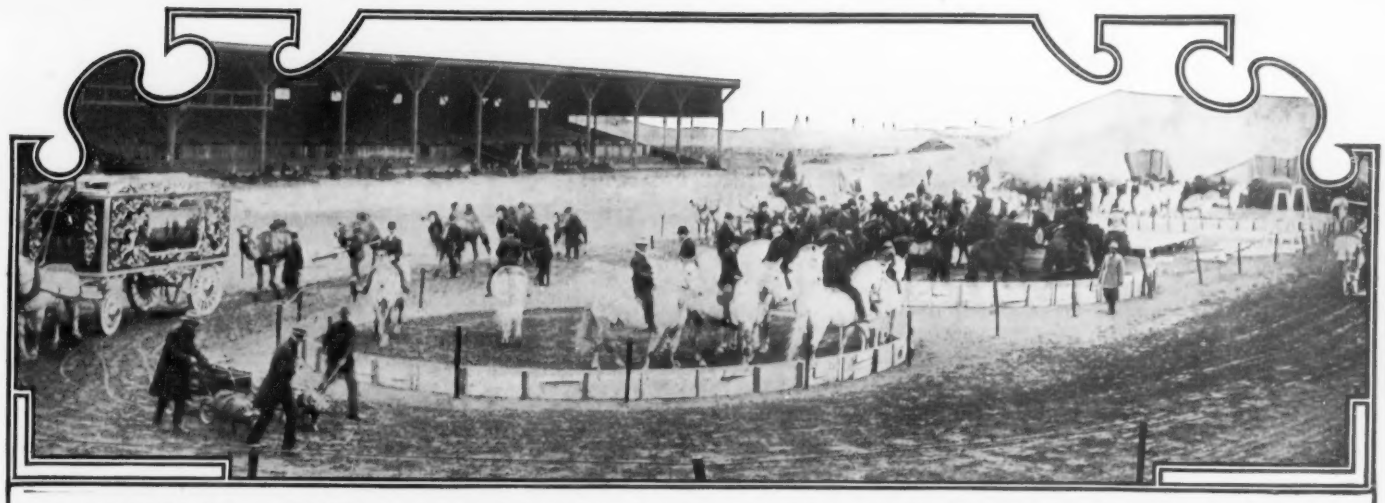
SOME FAMOUS HORSEMEN AND EQUESTRIENNES TRYING THEIR "TURN"



AN UNGAINLY FAMILY, BUT CLEVER IN THEIR OWN PARTICULAR ACT

A CIRCUS IN DESHABILLE

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE



BEHIND THE SCENES IN AN AMERICAN CIRCUS

By PETER SELLS

SCENE: New York office of the circus.

Time: The week before the "first night" of the present season. Proprietor-manager seated at desk writing, and at the same time answering the questions of two reporters, an animal trainer, the boss canvasman, a railroad passenger agent and a stenographer, all at once. Telephone on desk rings; proprietor seizes receiver.

Telephone: "Cid, the big elephant, has a mouse in his trunk. Trainer Emery isn't here. What shall we do?"

Proprietor: "Make Cid blow his nose." (He resumes writing and talking.)

Telephone: "Hello! This is the Sunday edition. We want to know if you will allow one of our woman reporters to ride an elephant up Broadway in the parade."

Proprietor: "It'll make her seasick; better assign a good sailor." (He hangs up receiver.)

Telephone: "'Lo! I understand you are booked for Buffalo this year. I'd like to send you rates over our road."

Proprietor: "Can't. You've got a bridge near the town—it's too low for our wagon cars. Good-by."

Telephone: "This is the evening edition. We hear you have some performing seals, and that seals in general are afraid of a red-haired woman. May we test your seals on an actress? She hasn't red hair, but we'll put a wig on her."

Proprietor (aside): "Tommy rot!" (Aloud): "Fine idea! Good-by." (Turns and addresses office in general): "You see, when a mouse gets in an elephant's trunk the big beast's muscles contract and the claws of the mouse become imbedded in the membrane. The more the beast blows the tighter the mouse sticks. Then blood poisoning sets in and we have to shoot the elephant." (He slams his desk shut, grabs his hat and starts for Ambrose Park, Brooklyn, where his show is rehearsing. The mouse is on his mind.)

JACK OF MANY KINDS OF KNOWLEDGE

I give the foregoing scene simply as a sample five minutes in the life of a circus proprietor. Folks imagine a boss showman has nothing to do but sit in big leather chairs in hotel corridors and decline to be interviewed, leaving all the work of the show to his lieutenants. Truth is, the proprietor must know more and work harder than any one in his employ. Even if he cannot do stunts in the ring himself, he knows how each particular performer should do his act. He must be omniscient.

He must know all about wild animals, their haunts, habits, food and cost of maintenance. He must know what kind of hides different kinds of harness should be made of. He must know every point of every horse, from a draught to a thoroughbred. He must know all about painting and the values of paints and oils; must have a knowledge of foodstuffs of every description for man and beast; about municipal legislation and license laws in all cities; he must be a veterinarian, a printer, papermaker and lithographer; must know all about crops—when harvested, when sold—in all sections of the country; must be acquainted with the industries of the different parts of every State in the Union, and know the dates on which employés are paid off; must know, for instance, that the last of May or the first of June is the only time a circus will "go" in St. Louis; must know the art of advertising in all its branches and the relative value of notices in the principal newspapers of every city and town; must know all about railroading, from the way a car is built to the science of transportation on land and sea. Above all, he must know that it is no longer possible to humbug the public.

These are a few of the things I think I ought to know—for I have been a-circusing for three-and-thirty years. In accidents, delays and losses, I discovered at the outset the disadvantages of not knowing things. I remember an instance in 1882, when circuses were new to railroads—until a few years before that such shows were hauled about the country by horses. Our train pulled within sight of Columbia, S. C., then suddenly stopped. We were at the end of a bridge which was too small to admit the cars containing our wagons. As we were obliged to continue the journey south over that road, we had to make a detour of two hundred and fifty miles, losing the night stand in Columbia besides—and all because I had failed to inform myself regarding the height of that one bridge.

OBJECT LESSONS FOR EUROPEAN ARMY OFFICERS

When the Bailey Show first arrived in Europe, appearing now in the cities of England, now in those of Germany, Austria and Hungary, the phase of the American circus business which most astonished military men was not so much the show itself as the manner in which it was moved. Two or three incidents will serve to illustrate the curiosity with which the transportation department of the English and Continental armies viewed the organization, discipline and ingenuity shown in moving, without halt or hitch, such a large amount of property and so many persons.

While preparing to open at the Olympia, the Madison Square Garden of London, the Building Department of that city told the owners of the Olympia that a new proscenium arch of steel must be built. This arch was to frame a stage at one side of the edifice, and was 280 feet wide by 70 feet high. The material was brought into the building and the arch was put together, bit by bit, flat on the ground.

When completed, the British workmen were confronted by the task of lifting the heavy frame into place. Days were spent in futile attempts, until at last Mr. Bailey said that if they would turn the job over to him he would raise the thing of steel. He then called in his three hundred American workmen, and in three hours had the arch in position and secure—using for the purpose only the circus paraphernalia which he had brought with him from America.

The London "Times" printed an editorial urging the government to detail one or two officers from the Engineering Corps of the army, to travel with the circus and thus acquire knowledge that would be of practical use in moving military material. The government acted upon this advice, and throughout the tour several army officers were always present to witness the loading and unloading of the cars, the transportation to and from the grounds, and the erection and the razing of the tents.

AN EMPEROR AMONG THE CANVASMEN

The reigning monarch of one of the European nations himself came to the show incognito, and as I am bound, even now, to respect his desire for secrecy, I cannot divulge his name or his country. He did not come to see the performance, but devoted the night to a personal inspection of circus operations, such as the taking down of the tents, their movement to the train and their loading on the cars. He said that he regarded this as one of the most important object lessons in the movement of heavy material that he had ever witnessed, and that he intended that officers in his army should familiarize themselves with it.

In Europe it is the custom to load cannons and caissons over the side of the car. When this monarch saw the runways placed at the end of the cars, the block and tackle fixed far ahead of the runway, the rope running through the block and attached to the heavy cages; when he saw heavy rolls of canvas and wagons being lifted from the ground and a single team of horses drawing them speedily to the cars, and then all the length of the train, finally lowering them into the cars, he expressed the utmost astonishment that his engineers had never thought of that before.

LADIES OF THE RING AND MORALITY

The *morale* of a circus does not at all accord with popular opinion. In the realm of canvas, such things as scandals, divorces, double living and elopements are rarities. Every woman who travels with our show must be accompanied by a male relative, who must also be an employé of the circus. Observance of this rule is not difficult, for circus performers run in families from one generation to another.

The acrobats, athletes, gymnasts and aerialists of to-day are sons and daughters of the acrobats, athletes, gymnasts and aerialists of yesterday. The physical strain on the majority of circus women unfits them for motherhood; but it is a noticeable fact that just enough children are born in our world to supply the demand for performers.

There are the Deals, all equestriennes; the Pecchianis, all acrobats; the Potters, all aerialists. As you can tell by a name whether a person is a member of an old family of New York, Boston, Baltimore, so we can tell, by a name, whether a performer comes of old circus stock. The cosmopolitan character of circus performers is illustrated in the case of the Pecchianis, consisting of father, six daughters and three sons, each one born in a different country.

The health of his company is a consideration as important to the proprietor of a circus as to the general of an army corps. Our arrangements are such that everybody, down to the humblest canvasman, is allowed eight hours' sleep.

CIRCUS FOLLOWERS NOT ALL HUMAN DRIFT-CHIPS

Another error in popular belief is that concerning drivers, hostlers and canvasmen. People suppose these men to be mere human driftwood, homeless, without ties, and living from hand to mouth. On the contrary, most of those who handle our "rags" and tend stock—and we employ about two hundred—are heads of families, careful with their money and temperate in their habits. Many of them have happy homes in Western cities.

Show people, as a rule, are a lot of sober men and women. A marked characteristic of all, from the *maître de cirque* to the stable-boy, is loyalty to the show, for the glory of which they will fight as if it were their very own, resenting any false aspersion upon the management as a personal affront.

In advance of the show we have about seventy-five bill-posters, whose duty is to "bill" the country for at least twenty miles in all directions from the town in which a performance is to be given. They are supplied with admission tickets, to give to farmers in exchange for "barn and fence privileges," and they guard these billets as jealously as they would so many greenbacks. The man who tries to wheedle a single ticket from a bill-poster without giving the proper *quid pro quo* is promptly and profanely rebuked.

The pay of canvasmen, bill-posters and helpers is from twenty to sixty dollars a month. Half their wages is handed to them on pay day, the other half is held back, in accordance with a contract they are required to sign, until the end of the season. Thus at the beginning of winter the men receive a sum of money which otherwise they might have spent.

Many of these men have been with our show for twenty years or more. The drivers known as Noah and Calliope Jack, as well as Badger the mahout, or elephant driver, were with us in that Columbia bridge scrape in 1882. Circus men, fond of pseudonyms, frequently abandon their real names, signing even their contracts with their circus names.

Bill-posters are often intrusted with money for expenses, and with railroad passes covering long distances, and in twenty years I have known of only one case of dishonesty among them. In this instance a man ran off with passes from Portland, Ore., to Chicago. Our Pinkerton man started in pursuit, caught him in the Windy City, and landed him in the penitentiary.

ACTS OF TRAINED ANIMALS GO ON FOREVER

What becomes of circus folks in winter? Many of the performers go into vaudeville, others go to the West Indies or to South America, where there is no winter. The menagerie and the stock—in fact, the main part of our show—spends the winter at Columbus, Ohio, where we have a farm of four hundred acres. Even here, the trained animals, pigs, sheep, elephants, dogs, horses, goats, cats, bears, monkeys, go through their acts every day, lest they forget.

Last winter we tried the experiment of training elephants by machinery. A heavy harness around the beast's body was attached by chains to crane or derrick. The animal was then tilted up on his head, and the trainer shouted, "Stand on head!" By repeating this process day after day, the pachyderm learned the trick of doing it alone.

GETTING THE BIG SHOW READY

At Ambrose Park all during the week preceding the opening at Madison Square Garden there was a continuous rehearsal. In the three improvised rings and on the two stages the three hundred performers practiced their acts, first individually, then in the order in which they were to appear on the programme. Clowns cracked their jokes and went through their fool antics to empty benches. The hippodrome races were run as if for very life. The eight trained hogs rehearsed on Monday and three of them died of exposure on Tuesday. Frank Melville, ringmaster, stage manager, equestrian director, was omnipresent and hard to please. The animals in the one hundred surrounding wagons must have wondered what all the fuss was about.

Thus the circus was made ready—an "aggregation," as the press agent calls it—costing half a million dollars, and which for the next one hundred and fifty days would put us to an expense of three thousand dollars a day. The seating capacity of our big tent is ten thousand—you will have to guess the profit.

PROPRIETOR'S PEACE OF MIND RESTORED

But about the mouse.

Scene—Ambrose Park. Half a dozen reporters grouped at gate. Enter proprietor-manager.

First Reporter: "Which one of your elephants killed Patsy Forepaugh?"

Second Reporter: "How much does it cost to run this show a day?"

Third Reporter: "Why are the carnivorous animals never fed on Sunday?"

Fourth Reporter: "Do you really train elephants by machinery?"

Fifth Reporter: "How much capital is invested in this circus?"

Sixth Reporter: "They say an elephant had a mouse in his trunk this morning and he just blew in out. Now, why—"

Exit proprietor-manager, on the run for the next boat and his New York office.

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BERKEY SPRING SEAT POST COMPANY
Station 68, Grand Rapids, Mich.

NEW YORK'S BICYCLE POLICE

By HARRY PALMER

THERE ARE FEW finer-looking bodies of men engaged in public service than the bicycle squads of the New York police, or few who, individually and collectively, render a great metropolis more sterling service. Organized in the spring of 1897, with scarcely a score of riders, the squad in the Borough of Manhattan has grown to a total of eighty-three men and officers, and is to-day by all odds the most potent factor employed by the city administration in regulating traffic upon the city's extensive system of asphalt thoroughfares, as well as upon the popular drives and avenues leading to and penetrating the Bronx.

The character of work required of the "bicycle cop" makes it essential that he should be an athlete of no mean ability; a cyclist possessed of more than ordinary speed powers, and that he should maintain a cool head, a civil tongue, and gentlemanly bearing, and be entirely fearless and courageous at all times.

Until the advent of the bicycle police, road drivers, private coachmen, public jehus and cyclists, violated existing rules of the road with impunity. It was practically out of the question to cover the entire city with equestrian police, and patrolmen afoot were powerless to stop daily and innumerable violations of the city ordinances as to speed and the regulation of traffic. Purely as an experiment, a patrol squad mounted upon wheels was organized, and offenders against the laws were brought up with a short pull forthwith. The efficiency of the new squad was at once recognized, and to-day it is regarded as an indispensable branch of the city's police system.

TROUBLESOME "WHITE GHOST DRIVERS"

With the introduction of the automobile, the duties of the bicycle police were greatly increased. The temptation to test the speed powers of these vehicles seems, in most instances, beyond the power of resistance, and the wheel-mounted guardians of the city's peace are a unit in asserting that automobilists give them more trouble to-day than all other classes on the road combined. "We won the respect of cyclists as a class long ago," said Sergeant Thomas McCormick in discussing the question with the writer; "but there are a whole lot of automobilists (in the language of the force we call them 'White Ghost Drivers') who have still their lesson to learn. With few exceptions they seem disposed to regard an officer on a bicycle with but little respect. Particularly is this true of those automobilists owning the high-speed French and American gasolene machines. When it comes to a chase, however, they rarely get away."

"On the other hand," continued the sergeant, "we are going to have a new and troublesome proposition within the next season or two, in riders of motor bicycles and tricycles. As yet, these machines are far from having been perfected, and their riders have not the confidence in them that will come later with better machines. The first brush on record between one of my men and a motor cycle rider resulted disastrously for the latter. He was a Frenchman, mounted on an imported motor, and was 'hitting her up' for a good twelve miles an hour on Fifth Avenue when the policeman saw him and ordered him to slow down. For answer the Frenchman grinned and went faster. The policeman accepted the challenge and started in pursuit, the cyclist allowing him to come up to within twenty feet of his lead.

"'Stop there, young fellow! You'll have to come with me for that trick,' he called; but the Frenchman bowed politely and said:

"'Non, monsieur, I would prefaire you would come with *me*'—and then he let his motor out for fair.

A PRETTY RACE THROUGH CITY STREETS

"It was a pretty race, and the way the two riders swung around the corner of Fifty-eighth Street toward Sixth Avenue made a whole lot of people hold their breath. Midway on the block, however, there was a sudden splutter and a snapping of gears and the motor stopped. Its lungs had given out, I suppose. And the bicycle cop laughed as he laid a hand on the Frenchman's shoulder and said: 'I've accommodated you, young fellow, and now I suppose you won't object to returning the compliment.' Sometimes they get away from us, but not often. As a rule, it is a question of time only."

Some of the feats performed by the bicycle police seem impossible, and yet they are matters of court record, and have been witnessed by hundreds of citizens. How a man mounted upon a wheel can stop a runaway team, or forcibly slow down a horse whose rider is bent upon exceeding the speed limit, is beyond the understanding of the ordinary rider, who in many instances has enough to do to maintain his equilibrium with the road clear. Yet these things are done almost daily. Recently, one of the squad, on Seventh Avenue, warned a horseman, mounted on a big timber topper, that he was riding too fast. The horseman not only refused to hear, but touched his charger with his whip. The result could not have failed to astonish him, for within sixty seconds the man on the wheel was riding beside his bridle with one hand firmly clutching the rein and the other guiding the machine. So fast were both going, that two blocks were covered before they stopped. The rider then went quietly to the nearest station and left a deposit for his appearance in court next morning.

OFFICER KAVANAGH AND THE RUNAWAY

As to runaways—the tale of Policeman Kavanagh's daring ride on Riverside Drive will be told with interest for many days to come. Kavanagh was formerly a professional rider from Schuylersville, New York, and had already won a string of medals as a road racer when he came to New York and joined the corps. One afternoon the Drive was well crowded with the usual array of cycles and carriages, when there was a sudden commotion far up the roadway, and a warning cry swept down along the crowded walks. Instant realization that there was a runaway sent carriages and wheels to the curbs, leaving a broad lane in the centre, down which a horse dashed madly. In the carriage behind him was a little girl clinging to the seat in an abandonment of childish terror. Kavanagh was on his wheel and after the runaway in a second's time. It was a grand race for almost a quarter of a mile between man and horse. Then the fore wheel of the bicycle, lapping the rear wheel of the carriage, crept up to the front wheel, and still further, until rider and horse were flying down the drive side by side. The climax came suddenly—the blue uniform swerved in toward the horse's head, and the rider's hand reached out and seized the rein. The horse's hoofs beat the wheel out from under his pursuer, and the bicycle was left a wreck in the roadway. Kavanagh was struck by the iron shoes of the runaway and dragged along the rough macadam, but he pluckily hung on, and the horse was finally stopped. It was an act of heroism which undoubtedly saved the child's life. For his bravery Kavanagh was awarded a suitable medal by the Commissioners.

During the year ending December 31 last, the Manhattan squad made 1,937 arrests, the charges preferred including almost every crime on the calendar, with the single exception of murder. The fines imposed yielded $5,000 in cash, and more than that amount in property was recovered. In addition, the bicycle police assisted in prosecuting 205 outside cases. Fifty-seven runaways, many of which must have resulted fatally, were stopped, and ten honorable mentions for bravery were earned.

The headquarters of the force is maintained at 1786 Broadway, near Fifty-eighth Street, and is totally inadequate and far too indifferently equipped for so valiant and fine a set of fellows as those composing the bicycle police force of Manhattan.

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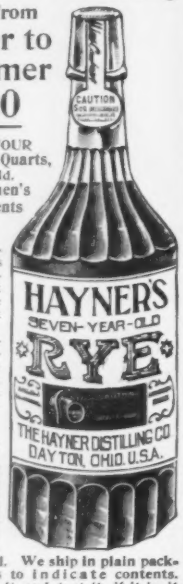

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Words Found at a Glance.

THE PLEA OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11)

fourth, the potency of the State, elevated to such height that it recognizes superiority of no other power in the political organism; and, fifth, *unity*, as division—according to Bluntschli—paralyzes sovereignty."

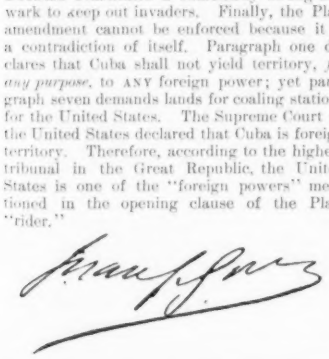
Again, Gomez cited Professor Burgess, an international authority on the making of treaties, quoting: "The Power cannot be sovereign if it is limited. The one which imposes the limitation will be sovereign, and until a nation attains such power that it is unlimited, or limited only by its own laws, it is not sovereign."

It may startle many good Americans to discover that Cubans can advance such arguments in support of their contention for absolute independence; but the above is an exact translation.

THE ISLANDERS ARE IN DEADLY EARNEST IN THEIR FIGHT FOR LIBERTY

Cubans are highly intelligent, and are using every available fact to show the world that they are in deadly earnest and intend neglecting nothing that will strengthen their case. One of the most telling points made is: the second paragraph of Section Four, Article Four, Constitution of the United States, provides that the Federal Government shall not have the right to intervene in affairs of any State "*except when requested to do so*" by the legislative power or by its Executive when the Legislature cannot convene. This with a mere State. Yet the right to intervene in Cuba, to control her treaty-making powers and financial arrangements, is demanded by Congress as a reward for having *declared*, on April 19, 1898, that "Cuba is, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

To sum up: Cuban opinion, in a few words, is—the Platt amendment violates the Teller resolution and the Treaty of Paris because it demands jurisdiction, sovereignty *and* control over Cuba, besides ordering Cubans to give up valuable territory in exchange for the independence promised. The hypothesis that it is necessary as a protection against foreign powers is not conceded, because the Monroe Doctrine constitutes a sufficiently strong bulwark to keep out invaders. Finally, the Platt amendment cannot be enforced because it is a contradiction of itself. Paragraph one declares that Cuba shall not yield territory, *for any purpose*, to ANY foreign power; yet paragraph seven demands lands for coaling stations for the United States. The Supreme Court of the United States declared that Cuba is foreign territory. Therefore, according to the highest tribunal in the Great Republic, the United States is one of the "foreign powers" mentioned in the opening clause of the Platt "rider."



FOOD

TIME WAS UP.

It Was Quit Coffee or Die.

When a woman is brought to the edge of the grave by poisoning from the drinking of ordinary coffee day by day, and is then made a well woman by leaving it off, her experience is worth something to others that are poisoned in various ways from the same habit.

Mrs. Jeannette B. Brown, 100 Minor St., New Haven, Conn., says: "Four years ago my life hung on a very slender thread with liver, kidney and heart trouble, and a very severe form of rheumatism. I was confined to bed with hands, wrists, feet and ankles so badly swollen that they bore no resemblance to parts of the human body. I had frequent sinking spells from heart weakness when I was thought to be dying and sometimes thought to be dead. My Doctor, one of the directors of the State Hospital, a very successful man in his profession, told me to stop drinking coffee and use Postum Food Coffee, as he said coffee was the primary cause of my trouble.

I took his advice at once and discontinued medicines. Slowly the swelling disappeared, and the rheumatism left me, the sinking spells became less frequent, and I got out of bed and around the house. I was completely cured but it required some time.

For the past three years I have been a perfectly strong, healthy woman, sleep well, with good appetite, good color, active and energetic.

It is a great pleasure to testify to Postum that has made me a well woman again. I have many friends here and in other parts of the state who are using Postum Food Coffee regularly, and I know to their very great benefit.

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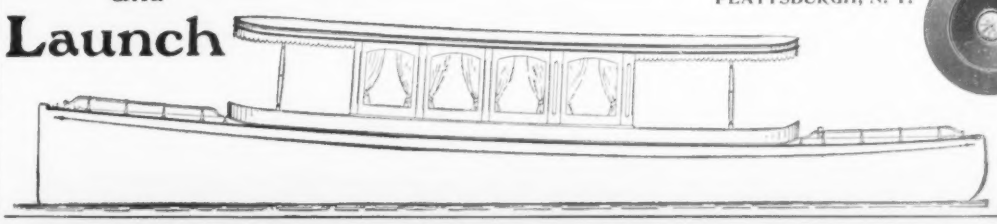

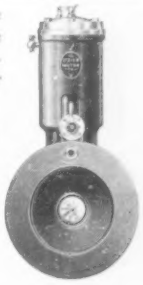

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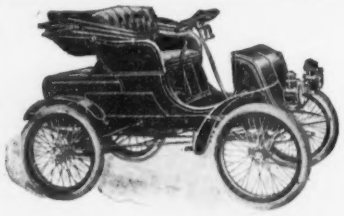

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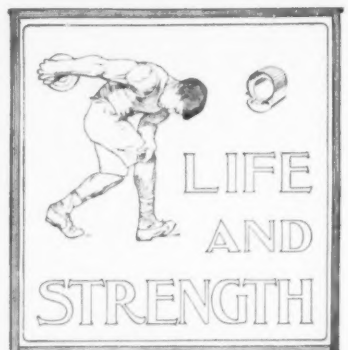

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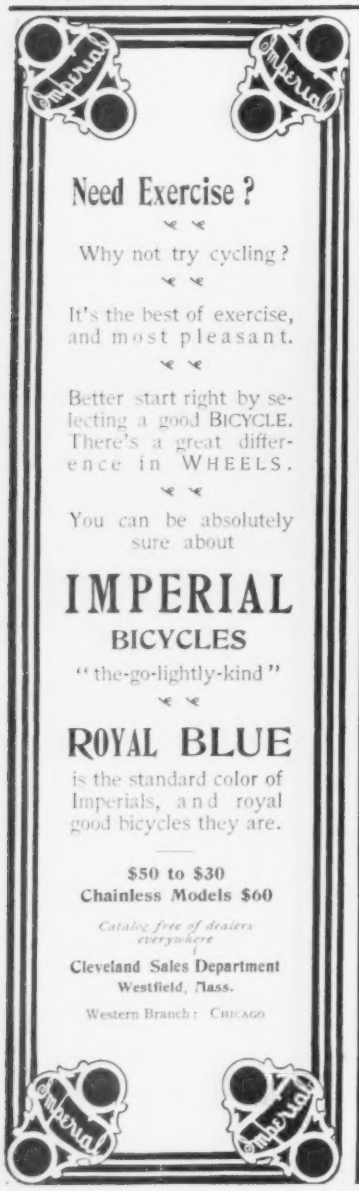

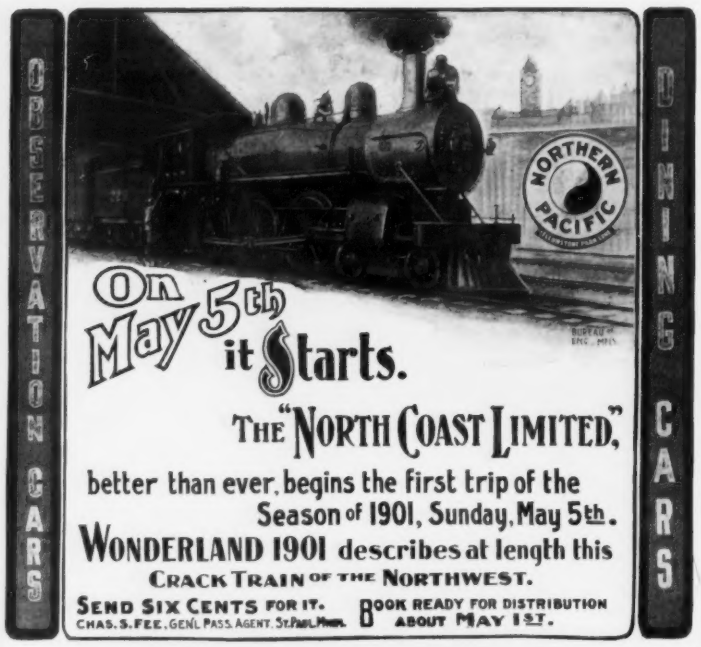

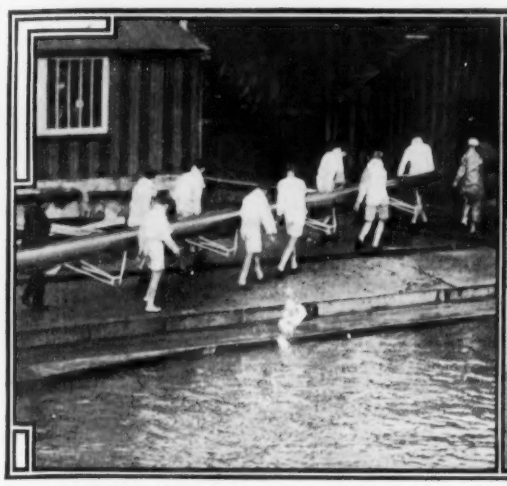

CAMBRIDGE TAKING BOAT IN, SHOWS THE ENGLISH THOLE-PIN STYLE OF ROWLOCK

SHOWING BREADTH OF THE OXFORD BOAT AND POSITION OF SEATS

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW BRINGING OUT THE NEW BOAT FOR PRACTICE

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

THE NEW OXFORD SHELL

A GREAT deal of interest attaches to the defeat of Cambridge by Oxford this year for two especial reasons. First, that the Oxford boat was quite a revolution in boat-building, and, it is believed by many, gave the Oxford crew considerable advantage. Second, the training of the two crews was quite different and the effect, as brought out by the fact that the Oxford men gained in weight while the Cambridge men lost, offers another lesson to those who are interested in these severe contests. The measurements of the two boats are given below:

Oxford—Length, 56 feet; breadth, 2 feet 2 1-2 inches; depth forward, 7 3-4 inches; at No. 3 thwart, 9 inches; aft, 6 3-4 inches; and she is much cambered, the chief shortness being in the bows.

Cambridge—Length, 63 feet; breadth, 23 inches; depth forward, 6 1-2 inches; amidships, 9 1-2 inches; aft, 5 1-2 inches.

The Oxford boat was designed, as stated in these columns, by Dr. Warre, the headmaster at Eton.

Boating authorities here are discussing the lines of this shell with an idea of further experimentation.

INTERNATIONAL TRACK MEETING

Should a picked team from Oxford and Cambridge visit the United States this summer to contest with a picked team from Harvard and Yale there would be a chance for the American universities to wipe out the defeat of two years ago. But the chance would not be by any means so easy of turning into accomplishment as many people believe.

In the events—take the 100, for instance—A. E. Hind of Cambridge is a most excellent sprinter. He has done some exceptional work this spring, although in the Oxford-Cambridge games his time was slow. Those who count upon his performance being 10 1-5 do not know, or have forgotten, that it is the same Hind who has twice this spring gotten under even time for the distance—once when favored by the wind, and once under only fair conditions. In each event the watches caught him at 9 4-5.

In the quarter-mile, the proposition is rather different. Here, Shanks of Cambridge has the best record among the Englishmen, having covered the distance in 2-5 of a second over 50 in a set of class games.

For the half-mile, Harvard has in Applegate a good man, but he is certainly not in the class with Workman of Cambridge as yet. Swan and Behr are two others who are running the distance at Harvard. Murphy at New Haven is developing two or three men who are going to get under two minutes before they are through.

In the mile run Cambridge has in Gregson, with a record of 4.26, and Cockshott, 4.28 2-5, two men who can beat out anything that the American colleges have in hand or in prospect. Oxford has a fair man in Bradley and another in Richards, but the latter has been running no better than 4.35, which Harvard could match with Richardson or Foote.

In the two-mile, if Yale only had Palmer, who did so well in the three-mile event across the water, the Americans would look with more satisfaction upon the prospect of this event, which was so manifestly Palmer's distance, as it would certainly force Workman to run in the two-mile instead of taking a turn at the half.

When it comes to the hurdles, the Americans ought to have the better of it with Willis and Hallowell of Harvard, who can both get down pretty close to 16.

In the high jump, Bulkley of Oxford has cleared 5 feet 10, and Howard Smith of Cambridge 5 feet 10 3-4; but Rotch of Harvard, who is consistently doing over 6 feet, should hold them both safe, as would Spraker of Yale.

In the broad jump, Cornish of Oxford can do about 22 1-2 feet, and that, too, pretty steadily. Daly of Harvard and his comrade Shirk ought to be able to hold this in the ordinary course of improvement.

In the hammer and shot the Americans ought to have entirely their own way. With such men as Ellis and Boal of Harvard, Sheldon, Beck, Stillman and Brown of Yale, May of Oxford and Hartley of Cambridge would be entirely distanced. May took first place with 109 feet 11 inches, and Hay took second with 104 feet 6 inches. It is said that Henderson of Oxford is able to cover about 115 feet. May is also their best shot-putter, but does not go beyond 36 feet. Cowell of Cambridge and Henderson of Oxford are both behind this, so that none of these men should even extend the Americans, all of whom are doing over 40 with the shot and 135 in the hammer.

WALTER CAMP.

THE CELEBRATED OXFORD STROKE—THE FINISH OF STROKE

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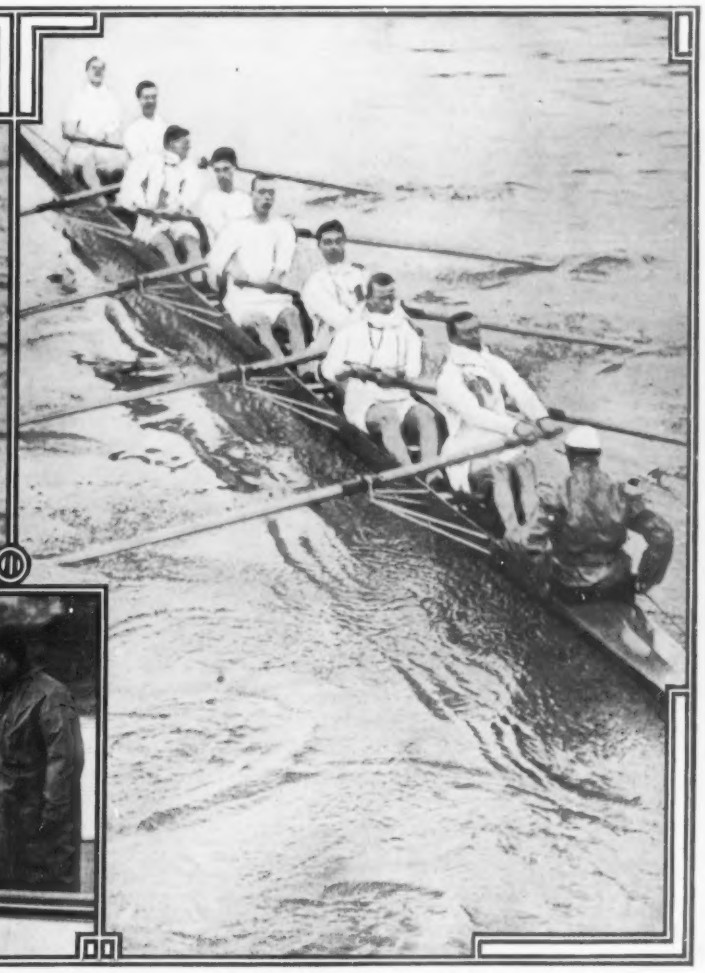

THE CAMBRIDGE STROKE—THE POWERFUL "SWING-UP"

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BICYCLING IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

INDICATIONS are not lacking that the sport of cycling will this season enjoy much of its old time popularity and patronage. Perhaps the most convincing sign to this end is the surprising demand for 1901 models made upon the bicycle trust by its agents throughout the country—a demand scarcely anticipated by the makers themselves, and exceeding by tens of thousands of wheels that which existed at a corresponding period of last year. As dealers in bicycles are invariably careful not to order from the manufacturers a greater number of wheels than they are reasonably certain of selling, the significance of this increased activity in the trade is apparent.

Without question, cycling as a sport has lost much of the fierce enthusiasm that characterized it during the early nineties. Since then, other sports—notably golf—have claimed their full share of public attention and support, and these have drawn heavily upon the ranks of cyclists. That a healthy reaction is close at hand, however, is altogether probable, for upon the only Sunday in April thus far—the 14th instant—when the weather and road conditions were at all favorable for the sport, there was a greater outpouring of riders in New York City and vicinity than has been recorded on any April Sunday since 1895. Fifth and Seventh Avenues, the Boulevard, Eighth Avenue and Riverside Drive were each well filled with cyclists bound for Grant's Tomb and the Bronx; the Cycle Path and Prospect Park in Brooklyn presented much of their old-time activity, and in New Jersey and on Long Island favorite routes were enjoyed by wheelmen and wheelwomen in such numbers as to startle the roadhouse hosts into an unusual state of activity and pleasant anticipation. The season this year, however, is fully three weeks behindhand. Muddy roads and chill winds have undoubtedly deterred thousands of cyclists from taking their wheels out of winter quarters. Many of the wheels seen upon the road thus far have been 1901 models, so that when the 1900 corps of riders comes out in full force, as it will do on the first visitation of real spring weather, the turn-out is quite sure to be a memorable one.

. . . . . .

It is not surprising, however, that the bicycle should be a prominent factor in the recreative plans and out-door life of New Yorkers. Few cities in the country can offer greater inducements to the cyclist than can Greater New York and the sections immediately surrounding it. Nowhere is the scenery more varied or beautiful, while the roads are among the best constructed and most admirably maintained in the world. Within a circuit of thirty miles of the City Hall the rider may climb precipitous mountains, bowl along through scenes of unrivalled pastoral beauty, and enjoy marine views second to none on the American coast. If he be of a historic turn of mind, Westchester, New Jersey and Long Island can all furnish him with material for many interesting tours of observation and research, for all are rich in Revolutionary lore and relics. If, on the other hand, he prefers to mingle with the pleasure-seeking throng, he is within easy reach, by virtue of his wheel, of the most popular resorts on the Atlantic coast. Indeed, with wheel and camera, no

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leaves a good taste in the mouth. It is pure and wholesome. Don't be cheated with cheap goods.—*Adv.*

Absolutely pure and delightful to the taste is Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.—*Adv.*

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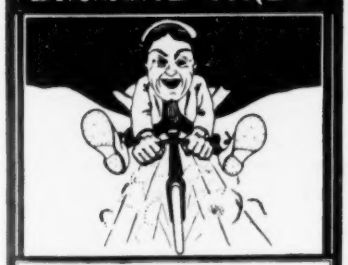

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New Yorker need deplore his lot during the summer vacation season, for there are few more delightful, beneficial, or inexpensive means of spending it.

. . . . . .

To most cyclists, however, companionship is in every way essential to enjoyment awheel. Next in importance is prearrangement of route, steadiness of pace, and fixity of purpose in making the tour. There is but little or no satisfaction to the experienced rider—the man or woman who extracts real pleasure and benefit from a bicycle—to start out upon an aimless ramble, at an erratic pace, and with no particular destination in view. Such riders generally spend the greater part of the day on some roadhouse balcony, and carry home with them but little in the way of pleasant recollection or experiences. On the contrary, the rider who starts with a congenial wheeling party for Red Bank, Long Branch, Sea Girt, or other points on the Jersey coast, riding at an even pace, and in accordance with a carefully arranged itinerary, is the true cyclist to whom wheeling is a real pleasure. He has arranged his entire tour in advance, and can anticipate its pleasures—a canoe cruise on the Shrewsbury or a try at weak-fishing the following day at Red Bank; a plunge in the surf and a sun bath at Long Branch the day following; then an afternoon at the Monmouth Club, another at the Sea Girt rifle ranges, and soon through the tour. There is an objective point and a programme for each day—subject of course to such changes as may be deemed advantageous, but still a programme—upon which to base definite and pleasant anticipations. Cyclists who ride in this way, whether their tours be long or short, never tire of riding, and their enjoyment is only limited by the attractiveness of their route and the dispositions and calibre of themselves and their companions.

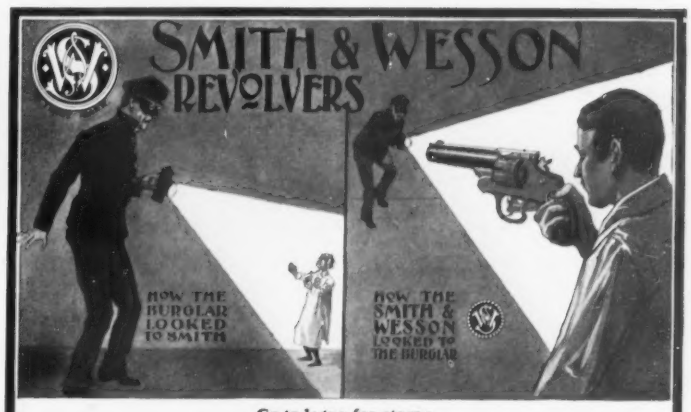
. . . . . .

As to routes—there are so many delightful runs about New York that any man at all familiar with the topography of the surrounding country need never be at a loss for half a dozen such that are well worth the riding. Road-books are not always to be relied upon. It is true they "show the roads"; but many a route, judged from the road-book map and description that seemed quite commonplace, has been found by the writer, when ridden with some slight variation from instructions, to be exceedingly attractive. Those things which the road-book doesn't tell of are of course the very things that would determine the cyclist to ride the route. In succeeding numbers of the WEEKLY, if space permits, the writer will be pleased to describe a few of the most attractive of these runs—in Westchester, New Jersey, and Long Island—as he has found them.

. . . . . .

From the standpoint of the racing cyclist, this is to be the greatest season yet known in the history of the sport. Through the liberality of leading manufacturers, the best racing talent of England, France, Germany and the United States will be seen upon American cycle racing tracks this season. Nearly one thousand race meets have been arranged for all points throughout the country, the principal meets taking place on Decoration Day, Independence Day and Labor Day, on which days seventy-five meets in all will be held. More than $300,000 will be given in purses and prizes, and the expenses of the pacing teams—motor tandems—will amount to many thousands of dollars additional. Racing by electric light at night will be a big feature on many tracks during the season of 1901.

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS



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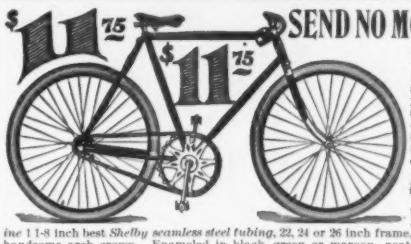

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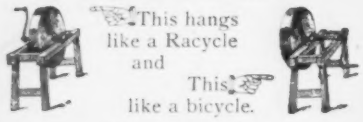

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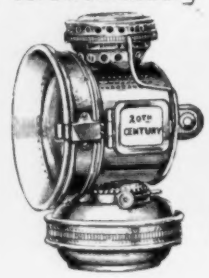

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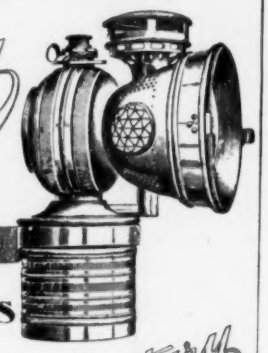

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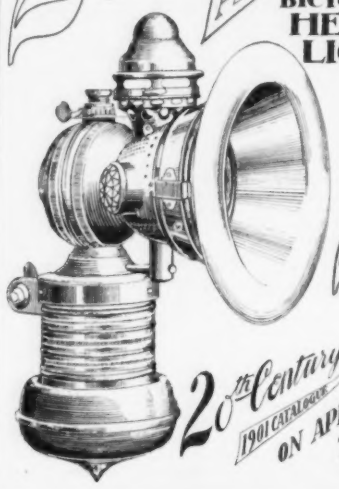

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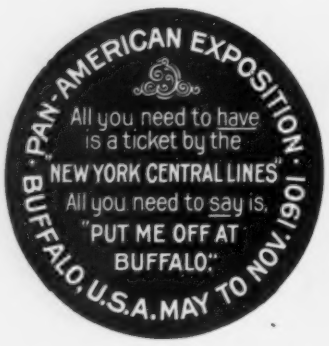

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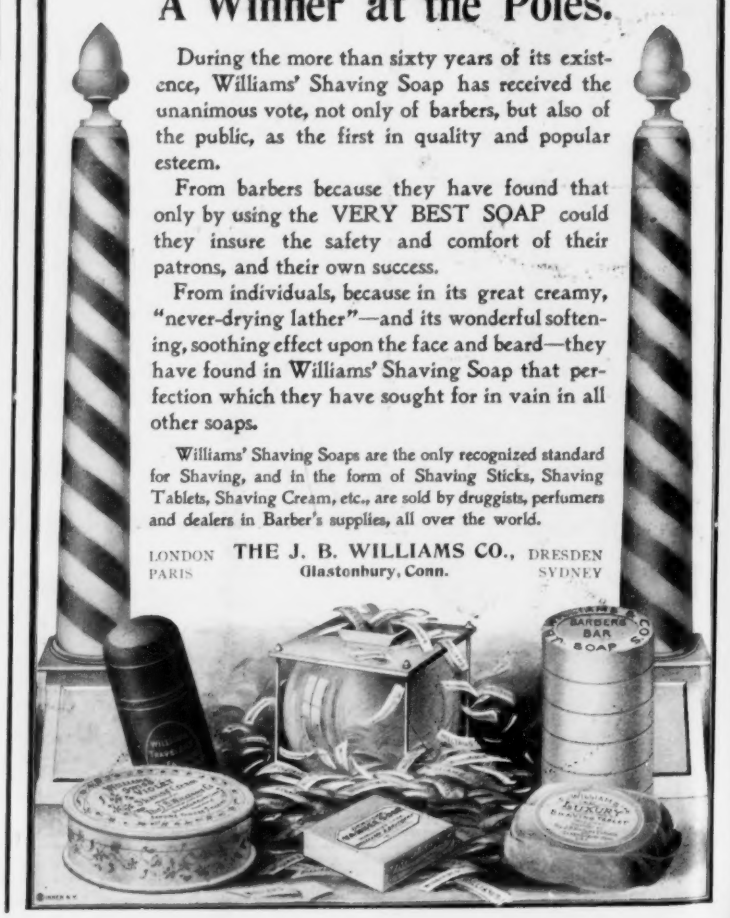
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